TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1608.

HAVOC OF THE VANDALS (SEE PAGES 12 & 13)

JOHN BULL

Persil's safe suds remove all the dirt *without harming the colours*

Persil
REGISTERED

What a comfort to know that there *is* a way of washing coloured woollens really safely. When you wash with Persil the cleansing action is so thorough that you can use cool or even cold water if the colours are very delicate. The oxygen-charged soapsuds get out all the dirt with the least possible handling and without any hard rubbing—so quickly that the fabric is in the water for only a very short time. That's why Persil is best for *all* fine washing.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 534-366-66

gives lasting charm to RED TILES

Never let your red tile or tee composition floors look dull and colourless. Use "Cardinal," the polish that immediately imparts such a lovely rich, red tone. It is easy to apply and gives a waterproof finish. Equally good for Front Steps and Brick or Concrete Paths.

CARDINAL POLISH

Also in Buff, Green, White and Transparent.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS, LTD., LONDON, W.4

CP.873

LIST GARDEN POULTRY PIGEON DOG KUDE **FREE**

FREE DELIVERY in England & Wales

FREE WRITE for WONDERFUL NEW ART STYLE LIST AND PATTERNS NOW!

21/- (WORTH 42/-)

BRITISH MADE-TO MEASURE **SUITS**

Perfect Cut and Fit. Over 100 New Season's cloths to choose from. 25 years' reputation for square dealing. Don't send money now, but write for Free Art Catalogue, Patterns and Easy Self-Measure Chart—see what you buy. If you do not consider the suit supplied well worth 42/-, we return your money plus 1/- for your trouble in sending.

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Sensational New Money-Making Opportunities! YOU—even without at present possessing the slightest previous experience or knowledge—can commence at once in your home to print anything from a Visiting Card to a Full Quarto Poster!

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London Showrooms: Ludgate House, [illegible]

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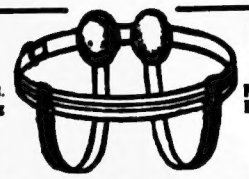
25 Solid Silver TANKARDS FREE!

TO WIN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME TANKARDS TURN TO PAGE 16.

ONCE again "John Bull" readers are given the opportunity to win one of the beautiful heavy solid silver tankards offered by the makers of Bulmer's Cider. All you have to do is to draw a face in the outlined apple printed in the announcement on page 16. Send your entry with your name and address and name and address of your local cider supplier to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, Hereford, to reach the firm before April 15, 1937. There are no conditions and no entrance fee. For the best entries, 25 solid silver tankards will be awarded free.

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d. Ex. Strong 15/- In Silk Elastic 17 6



15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d. Ex. Strong 22 6 In Silk Elastic 26 -

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are, without doubt, the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture. A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE

20/- Complete Sale. Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Special to "John Bull" readers. Mixed Hosiery. White over coloured. Rand the Guaranteed Content:— 3 Heavy Yorkshire White Ribbed Blankets, full size 80 x 60. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket 64 x 76. 3 Turkish White Ribbed Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 62 x 76. 1 Splendid Afghan or Honeycomb Quilt, 70 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Table cloth, 60 x 60, coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bed Spread, Blue, Orange, Olive, etc., on Jacquard ground. Centre design edged Art. Silk Embroidery, 60 x 90. 1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36. 1 Elegant Embossed Bleeker Cushion or Fruit Dish, size 11½ ins. 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall or Blouse. 3 White Pillow Cases, Coloured Embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 30 x 38.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (U.K.), Wortley, Leeds. LEEDS

IF YOU AKE EXPECTING A **BABY**

SEND NOW FOR THIS WONDERFUL HOME MADE LAYETTE. WORTH - - £3 **30/-**

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 75 Delightful Garments: Winter or Summer Baby's Silk & Wool Shawl, Bunk, Robes, Long or Short Day Gowns, Lisle Bodies, Flannel Nightdresses, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Bootees, Trunk Beds, Cot, Napkins, Coverall, etc. ANOTHER SATISFIED PURCHASER writes: "How you can sell these gorgeous Baby clothes at such a low price I do not know. Such a genuine and honest bargain deserves recommendation." Mrs. J. B. HOWARD 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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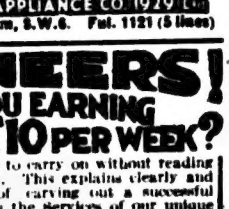

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A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

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Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "How's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

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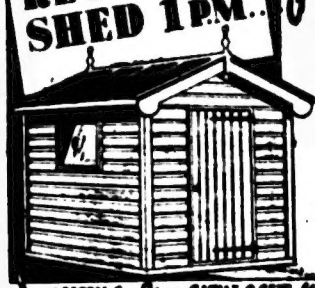
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES Garden & Manchester

Associated Warehouses:—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd. Est. 1875.

RECEIVED 1 P.M. SHED erected BY 4 P.M!



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Long.	Wide.	Hgt.	Cash.	Down.	Mthly.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2.7.6	2/9	4.5	Floors extra.
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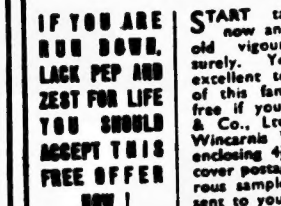

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ON page 27 Drages announce their special Coronation Offer, in which excellent values in dining, drawing and bedroom suites are being made with special Coronation Gifts! Of course, the unique 50 Pay-Way terms will still apply. Send once for a free copy of this Coronation Portfolio together with the book "You and Your Home," a wonderful guide to home happiness, by filling in coupon on page 27, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Drages Ltd., 73-77, Oxford Street, W.1.

HAWAIIAN STEEL GUITAR Delight or Money Back **1/- A WEEK** CASH 39/-

EASY TO LEARN & TO PLAY

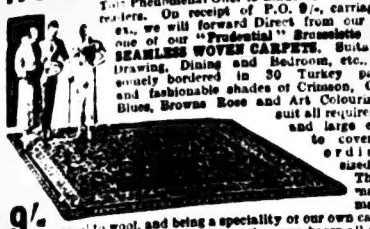
FULL-SIZE REAL HAWAIIAN (CLUB) 3 FT. LONG, and for 2 6 CARRIAGE PAID to approved orders. Promise 21 days' payments of 2/-. Fine instrument of resonant wood Round Chamber Brass Fingerboard. Six best Steel strings, tunable with zither Keys. Adjustable Bridge. Beautifully polished and With Steel Bar, 2 Metal Thimbles, Thumb Pick and FREE Tutor of Instructions, in fine Black Grained Leatherette Case lock and safety clips. FREE—Plus 20p BARGAIN Catalogue and PAIN'S Treasure House, Ltd., Dept. 20.K.J., HASTINGS

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN, LACK PEP AND ZEST FOR LIFE YOU SHOULD ACCEPT THIS FREE OFFER NOW!

START taking Wincarnis now and get back your old vigour quickly and surely. You can test this excellent tonic properties of this famous tonic Wine free if you write Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. A.D., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, enclosing 4½d. in Stamps to cover postage, etc. A generous sample bottle will be sent to you by return.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!



This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms etc., we will forward Direct from our looms etc., we will forward Direct from our looms etc.,

JUST OUT!

"LIBELLED LADY"

Magnificent 16-Page

GIFT BOOK

of M-G-M's Great Screen Hit

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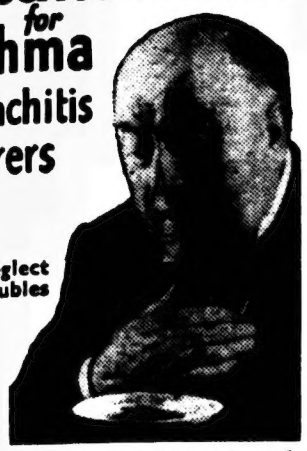
The PICTUREGOER

SPECIAL ENLARGED FASHIONS NUMBER 2° AS USUAL

Instant Relief for Asthma & Bronchitis Sufferers



Never neglect these troubles

Why endure days filled with pain and sleepless nights of incessant coughing, when by inhaling the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure you can enjoy life and go about your daily occupation as others do. You will be astonished at its wonderfully soothing and calming influence. Free from opiates. Does not cause headache as do other so-called remedies and cannot injure the general health in any way. Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Catarrh, Croup, Whooping Cough and all children's complaints of the chest and lungs.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Sold by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores in full-size tins at 1/9, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

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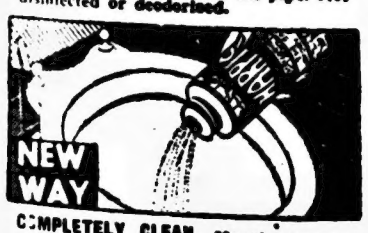
5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey - Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Misses', Juveniles', & Tandems, Racers, Club Models

52/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?

ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.



COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe—cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC
Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD, HULL AND LONDON

A FULL-SIZE EASY CHAIR that adjusts itself! For 10/- down.

Send for free Catalogue.

Fill in the Coupon on page 33 for free illustrated catalogue, patterns, coverings, etc., of the Berkeley Duplex Easy Chair.

AND THEN...

A CRY suddenly rings out in the gymnasium AND THEN—a crash.

The whisper goes round. "How did it happen?" "Lost his grip on the rings," says someone. The boy was taken home with a broken leg.

How easily accidents can happen to children. How easily they *DO* happen. Not only in the gymnasium but every minute of the day children face lurking dangers in the streets, in the playground, even at home. The Ministry of Transport report issued last week shows that one in every four pedestrians killed or injured on the roads is a child under seven years.

Last week alone "John Bull" dispatched no fewer than 53 cheques to parents under the Children's Accident section of its unparalleled Free Family Insurance Gift. Such prompt and practical assistance makes all the difference when it comes to paying doctor's bills and buying little sickroom luxuries.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to numerous other accident benefits "John Bull" is the *only paper in the world to* safeguard your precious possessions against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to provide SICKNESS benefits.

If you have not yet signed for safety fill up the forms below TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 10/4/37.

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature. Age.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON

VALUE 3d.

This Coupon with P.O. for **2/9**, plus **3d.** postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as **3d.** off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9**, plus **3d.** postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

'Morning mouth' is nature's warning

BANISH CONSTIPATION!

The intestinal tract is 35 feet long and unless this is thoroughly cleansed 35 feet of poisonous waste matter is being absorbed into your system. This is why you have "morning mouth," or coated tongue, headaches, pimples, indigestion, stomach pains and eventually serious illness. You can never know real, glowing health unless you wash yourself internally at least once a week. Feen-a-mint is made so that it mixes with the natural saliva and cleanses your entire system *thoroughly, naturally and pleasantly.*

Fifteen Million satisfied users

Feen-a-mint *looks* different, its *action* is different, it is different from any other laxative. That is why there are over 15 million satisfied users of Feen-a-mint. Its fresh mint flavour makes it the ideal family laxative. Sold in 1/3 packets everywhere, or for free sample send 1½d. stamp for postage to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. V.I.), 15, Thames House, London, S.W.1.

FEEN-A-MINT

WITH THE CLEAN MINT FLAVOUR

Oh My Poor Head

2d stops

HEADACHES
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
AND
NERVE PAINS

But 2d. will make that "*dreary*" head a "*cheery*" head! Yes!—at the special record bargain price of TWOPENCE—you can actually BUY RELIEF from thumping Headaches, Piercing Neuralgia, Nagging Nerve Pains, Torturing Rheumatism or Back-breaking Lumbago. It sounds marvellous, but BEECHAMS POWDERS ARE marvellous. They put pain to flight in a few minutes and even a distressing Summer Cold, Chill or Feverish attack can be made to vanish by their wonderful quick-acting medicinal properties. Beechams Powders are a joy to take—so easy and pleasant tasting.

Beechams Powders 2d EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Craven 'A'

...for your throat's sake!

The quality of Craven 'A' never varies. These cork tipped cigarettes are always fresh and cool—always wonderfully smooth to the throat. Try Craven 'A' for your throat's sake — and you will keep to them for the added smoking pleasure they bring.

IN THE 'EASY-ACCESS' INNER-FOIL PACK AND SEALED FRESH IN MOISTURE-PROOF 'CELLOPHANE'

Carreras Ltd. 150 years' Reputation for Quality

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C.A. 402

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Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 10, 1937. Twopence.
Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

FIRE!

A MONSTROUS SCANDAL

Too many brigades are hampered by antiquated apparatus or red-tape restrictions . . .

SOME days ago a brigade was called out to a fire. But its engine had been condemned by the Ministry of Transport as unfit for the road.

So the fire chief asked a farm lorry driver, whose vehicle happened to be standing outside the fire station, if he would mind taking the equipment to the fire.

"Yes," said the lorry driver, willing to try anything once. "Right," said the fire chief, clambering in. And so they set off to the fire with the chief hanging out of the driving cab ringing the bell which he had unscrewed from the old engine!

When they arrived, the fire, fortunately, was out. If it had still been blazing the lorry driver and the chief would have had to do the job themselves, because none of the firemen had turned up. Their alarm bells were all out of order!

That was at Vange, in Essex. Fire fighting, 1937. . . .

At about the same time, from across the country, at Camborne, in Cornwall, comes the news that the entire local fire brigade has resigned because of some trivial promotion dispute. So Camborne residents are praying they won't have any fires.

Up North, in Scotland, at Tarbert, Loch Fyne, there was a £6,000 fire. It had to burn itself out because there is no brigade in the district, and none would come from elsewhere.

Three more items of recent fire news. . . . A Northern garage proprietor had to stand by and watch his business burn to the ground after three neighbouring brigades had refused to come to the fire.

Two fire brigades are criticised at a Welsh inquest. A whole family is wiped out because two brigades cannot agree about answering fire calls from each other's districts. . . .

AT Morden, just outside the London area, a dwelling house is burnt out and others damaged because of similar red tape nonsense between neighbouring brigades. . . .

Again we repeat: **Fire fighting in 1937!**

One brigade threatened to resign the other day **because their fellow-townsmen were laughing at their engine and their endeavours at a fire!**

Years ago John Bull was a pioneer in the demand for a proper co-ordinated national system for fire fighting, and we have crusaded for it ever since.

In 1923 we had some hope of definite action when a Royal Commission reported on the subject and, in one of the most ponderous Blue Books ever compiled, made sweeping recommendations for a clean up of the fire brigades muddle.

Those recommendations are now forgotten, gathering dust in Whitehall pigeon holes.

Hope arose again when the Riverdale Committee on Fire-fighting Services was appointed in 1935. It ended its labours last July with a scathing Report which practically demanded immediate legislative action.

Nearly a year has gone by, and there is no promise in sight of Parliamentary discussion of the subject.

What is the position? Every year there is a **£10,000,000 direct** fire loss in this country, and about 1,500 lives are sacrificed.

Yet—no local authority (except the L.C.C.) has any obligation to make fire brigade provision. No Government Department has any direct responsibility for the control or organisation of fire brigades.

In the whole country, with its thousands of closely populated areas ranging from hamlets to cities, there are just 770 brigades with modern appliances. Only 225 of these will go out to help beyond their own boundaries.

There are hundreds of areas without a brigade; parish councils galore who will not even invest £20 in a rudimentary first-aid bucket apparatus. As the Royal Commission and the Committee have pointed out, the law affecting the fire-fighting services is in the most fantastic, chaotic state, scattered over innumerable ancient statutes.

So you get cases like Edinburgh, proud possessor of the last word in modern fire appliances, and yet with a totally inadequate water supply with which to work them. The reason is that under a centuries-old Act of Parliament the Corporation Water Trust has no responsibility for providing water mains for fire protection.

Out of a total of 16,000 fire-fighting personnel in the country, only 3,000 are whole-time professionals. The rest are amateurs, volunteers, auxiliaries and policemen detailed for fire duties. Some are paid, some aren't. The volunteers are controlled by three different organisations.

THERE is a farcical situation, too, about the systems of payment to the volunteers. For instance, if one who happens to be unemployed turns out to a fire and accepts the few shillings fee paid by the National Fire Brigades' Association, he gets three days' unemployment benefit knocked off for himself, wife and children.

The entire annual cost of Britain's fire-fighting services is only just over £2,000,000—less than one-fifth of the sum which goes up every year in smoke and flame.

John Bull wants the following first steps brought into operation at once.

The co-ordination of all fire brigades under a Government Department.

The voting of a sufficient annual sum to ensure that no place in the country is without a fire-fighting service, which will include efficient and adequate water mains.

A single fire-fighting law applying to the whole country.

The creation of an adequate, properly trained and properly paid fire-fighting force.

We demand that these points—which mean a complete overhaul of the nation's fire brigade services—be tackled without further delay.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Free Hand for Food Profiteers

Dearer Rent Threat to Millions
Child Lottery Touts
Post Office Slaves

NEVER say again that miracles don't happen nowadays.

Not only has the Food Council awakened after years of contented slumber. Not only has it become aware that food prices are soaring.

It has actually dared to raise its voice on your behalf, and there is a note of bitterness in its criticisms.

In brief, it declares that consumers are not getting a fair deal under the marketing schemes set up by a Government which appears to believe that the interests of the general public are of less account than those of a small minority.

Maximum Prices

The Council stresses the fact that in every case where price margins are fixed "they are minimum and not maximum margins and little attention seems to be paid to the amounts by which they are exceeded."

That is a just charge. The marketing mandarins fix a minimum price so that the producer can—or should—reap a reasonable profit. Quite rightly so.

But no maximum price is fixed to prevent gross profiteering at the expense of the consumers.

Good For Gamblers

JOHN BULL has no hesitation in declaring that profiteering on foodstuffs has now reached its worst heights since the war.

And we predict that prices will continue to rise during the summer. Housewives will have a bad time, speculators an extremely good one.

Only the most prompt and vigorous action by the Government can prevent the increasing trade prosperity from being outweighed by the unjust demands made upon family exchequers. One is to give price-control powers to Mr. Geoffrey Peto, chairman of the Food Council, and his colleagues. Given such powers, there would be less inclination for the Council to resume its long sleep.

Geoffrey Peto: Attacks Dear Food.

Another is to bring down from the shelves of Westminster the anti-profiteering Act that was passed in a hurry several years ago and never used.

Do Nothing Policy

But we have no hope of either action being taken. Unless, that is, the nation forces the Government to realise that the food ramp must be stopped, even at the cost of offending vested interests and wealthy speculators.

Try writing to your M.P. about it—and encourage your friends to back you up!

Scraps Of Paper

Every day brings fresh evidence of the muddled way in which the rearmament programme is being carried out.

The Government now reveals that many of its new air squadrons are squadrons only on paper—that just one of its three flights is provided with men or 'planes.

These paper squadrons may enable Ministers to make fine speeches in the House of Commons, but would they scare off the enemy in time of war?

Wicked Britain

Hitler wants Britain's friendship. He says so. Let us presume, therefore, that he doesn't know German children are told in their new school history book that England was the "biggest war profiteer," and that

"England destroyed Germany, her rival in the world market, solely from commercial envy." Odd way of inculcating international friendship, Herr Hitler!

Shabby

We get many complaints regarding town corporations which tell unemployed men that they can have casual work, encourage them to buy new working boots and so on, and then delay starting them for anything up to two months.

Don't council officials know that the food money usually goes on new clothes when an out-of-work sees a job in sight? Or do they know, but don't care?

Progress

Civilisation marches on. At Chorley the Government is spending a lot of money on a big arms factory. In the same town lives Mrs. Jane Bowers.

When she celebrated her 102nd birthday, it is reported, her banquet consisted of a crust of bread—the only food she had in the house.

Yes, civilisation marches on—but we wonder if old Mrs. Bowers thinks things have improved much in 102 years?

Silly Zest

Social service centres for children leaving school, to keep them learning until they find jobs, are an excellent idea. But zeal is running to excess in some places.

A mother who can afford to keep her fourteen-year-old daughter at home to help with the babies should not be badgered by school attendance officers, and even told she will be summoned.

Surplus—By Sweating

Since sub-postmasters are having to run one-man telephone exchanges for wages of twopence an hour, the less the P.M.G. boasts about his fat surplus the better.

Pension Contrasts

Cabinet Ministers, you know, are to have their salaries increased; ex-Premiers will be eligible for pensions round about £2,500 a year.

Quite right, too. But an electric train driver, after fifty years' service, will soon be retired on a pension of 10s. 8d. a week. When he gets his old-age pension of 10s. this amount will be deducted from his railway pension. So, for fifty years' service he will be rewarded with the noble sum of eight pennies per week.

Of course, if you gave a railwayman a pension of £2,500 a year he might not know what to do with it. And we wonder what some Cabinet Ministers would do with eightpence per week.

Threat To Tenants

A bad time coming for tenants.

Sir Kingsley Wood's enquiry into the future of the Rent Restrictions Act casts over more than 6,000,000 households the shadow of higher rents and easier eviction.

Sir K. Wood: Threatens Tenants.

The Act expires next year; property owners will ask for the decontrol of still more houses, the right to increase rents still higher.

And the Government's provisional view is in favour of this being done.

Unless tenants make their own point of view heard, the homes of many of them will be in danger next Spring.

Pauper Soldiers' Wives

Mr. Duff Cooper, our super-recruiting sergeant, still ignores the wives and children of soldiers serving abroad who are on the poor law because of their meagre allowances.

But he may soon be made to consider their plight. For Glamorgan's P.A.C. is asking local M.P.s to raise the matter in Parliament, and we have no fear that those M.P.s will refuse.

What excuse will he offer, we wonder, for turning into paupers the wives of men serving their country?

Lost In The Snow

Enough to make a saint cross is the news of how four Newcastle schoolboys, belonging to a party of fifteen "holidaying" in the Black Forest, were lost in the snow all night and were found completely exhausted.

The school holidays organisers don't seem to have learned the lesson of that previous Black Forest trip in which five London boys were similarly lost in the snow—and died.

Petty Autocracy

It's a relief that other cities are expressing their refusal to follow the lead of Tynemouth's chief constable, who has decided that policemen off duty must wear bowler hats, blue suits, and kid gloves.

Why not silk hats, frock-coats and spats?

Slum Schools

Naturally, we are glad our recent exposure of "schools which shame the nation" has been echoed at the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers.

Of the 21,000 schools in England and Wales, 1,000 are black-listed. Nearly as many are on the borderline.

Must hundreds of thousands of children spend the rest of their school lives in hovels?

Child Lottery Touts

On the other hand, we must criticise again the teachers who make their pupils sell lottery tickets. Whitehaven's police superintendent threatens to prosecute them, and we shall not grumble if he carries out the threat.

The objects of the raffles and sweepstakes concerned may be admirable, but for children to be virtually compelled to act as door-to-door touts is a disgrace which demands prompt and exemplary action.

Monkeys First

Don't blame unduly the South Norwood woman who has left £80 to feed the Zoo monkeys.

There are still a hundred local authorities not yet exercising their powers to provide food for necessitous children.

The Grandmother Bride

We disapprove as strongly as any bishop of the demonstration by hundreds of people before the home of sixty-five-year-old grandmother Mrs. Brooks after her marriage to a youth of twenty-two.

But we share their feelings of disgust.

Cheap

"The girl was completely scalped. She is in hospital and likely to be there for some months," said a factory inspector at Solihull when prosecuting a firm for not securely fencing a machine in which a girl was trapped.

A fine of £10, with 30s. costs, was imposed.

Cheap, wasn't it?

Easy Shopping

Do shopkeepers and department store managers make shoplifting too easy?

To the recent strictures of Mr. Claud Mullins, the London stipendiary, on open-counter display are added similar criticisms by the Newcastle magistrates. Not to protect goods offered for sale, they say, invites pilfering.

Claud Mullins: Study the Shopper!

But should millions of shoppers be inconvenienced for the misdeeds of a few thieves? To be able to walk through a shop and see all its goods displayed on the counters—and all prices clearly marked—is a facility which saves both time and trouble.

And it's a method which has come to stay—whatever the old-fashioned views of our magistrates.

£10 For Postcard!

LOOK at the paragraph headings on this page, their crisp phrases, blunt words. We want you to try making up such headings. Choose any one from this page and improve it in one, two, three or four words.

For instance, read the paragraph headed PENSION CONTRASTS; you might suggest here a new heading such as 50 YEARS FOR 8d., or PENSION PLUMS.

We offer a £10 cheque for the best heading suggested, five other prizes of £1 each, and scores of smaller awards for the runners-up.

First write original heading on a postcard (postage, penny), add below it your suggested alternative, also your name and address.

This contest is exclusively for readers who have not entered for any JOHN BULL competition in the last 12 months; declare on postcard that you are eligible. One heading suggestion only, please!

Address entry: Headings No. 1, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Closing date: Friday, April 16. Result in issue out following Thursday.

KNOCK-OUTS

Major C. E. Pym, Kent County Council: "I am a member of seventy-two committees." *Resign from seventy and you'll have time to be useful.*

* * *

Mr. R. A. Anderson: "Quite common for boys of seven to begin to resent the control of women teachers." *They know it will take a man to make men of them.*

* * *

Professor Gordon Childe: "We in Europe have ceased to believe in progress." *Nonsense. We still believe in it, but we know that instead of moving forward we are merely stepping sideways.*

* * *

Mr. Justice Swift: "Mourning has either gone or is going out of fashion." *And only the hypocritical will mourn its passing.*

* * *

Lord Salisbury: "Education no remedy for immorality." *But education gives people healthy minds.*

* * *

Mr. P. Macbeth, Salford stipendiary: "A woman who has had fifteen children is entitled to drink." *Would she have the time or money?*

The letters that used to be read in divorce cases were documents of human history. Since the ban on publishing such evidence the number of divorces has soared

Hush-hush DIVORCE

AMAZING REVELATIONS

DIVORCE is to the fore these days. One judge has just protested against the hypocrisy, inhumanity and delay in our divorce procedure. Another has complained at the way that cases are being brought at assizes to escape the publicity of a trial in London.

But there is another way in which people manage to escape publicity. Since a law forbidding newspapers to publish reports of divorce cases was passed over ten years ago the whole divorce system of this country has been completely revolutionised.

That law was passed in 1926 to stop the publication of unpleasant details in divorce cases. The effect of it has been to stop all publication of divorce proceedings.

Every lawyer knows that nine cases out of ten that are heard in our divorce courts are entirely free from objectionable matter of the kind contemplated in the Act. But they *do* contain the incidents and experiences occurring in the everyday lives of men and women which are very rightly of interest to their neighbours and which are full of examples from which those neighbours might profit.

A barrister intimated the other day how, when the evidence in these cases used to be published, people who read them would say: "There now, that's just the sort of letter I might have written to John" or "Doesn't that show what comes of taking a woman seriously when she is in one of her tempers?"

And when similar circumstances cropped up in their own lives they remembered and knew how to handle them.

It is certainly true that the removal of publicity has enormously increased the number of divorces. The very motives which to-day make people bring their cases at the local assizes when they can, prompt them to take their troubles off to court when nobody is likely to hear of it far more readily than they would do when they knew their cases would be reported.

The figures published over the last few years are a surprising proof of that. Between 1922 and 1925, on the average, 2,400 marriages were dissolved every year.

The law to put an end to divorce reports or, rather, limiting them to the charges, defences, summing-up and judgment, was passed in 1926. And the very next year the figure went up to 3,190. It has not been below 3,396 in the last eight years!

When we remember that when our fathers were young, back in the eighteen-seventies, the divorce figures every year ranged round about 300, we must admit that they are very remarkable indeed.

★ Naturally, there will be some people to argue that the fact of the increased divorce figures following the ban on public reports does not necessarily mean they are due to it. But no lawyer and no layman who has been privileged to read the correspondence leading up to a score of divorce cases picked up at random will be persuaded that it is not so.

Again and again one party writes: "*We need not fear any publicity about what happened that evening*" or "*Now those horrid newspapers cannot write about us we need not hesitate any longer.*"

It is an odd thing that although divorce actions are much more easy, so to speak, to start, since the newspapers stopped publishing anything about them, divorces themselves have become much harder to get.

For one thing the increase in the number of cases has made the whole business very much slower. But that is not the only change. The hearing of a defended case has got very much fuller also. Now that respondents and co-respondents know that their evidence is never going to be reported they have been going frankly and fully into all kinds of details they would never have dared mention before 1926.

Cases have repeatedly arisen where separation and divorce have been bitterly contested the whole way and painful circumstances have been dragged out against the other party that would have been kept quiet for very shame in former days.

When litigants knew that anything they said would be read and checked by neighbours who knew the truth about them they would be far more cautious about the things they said.

A case occurred only a few days ago where a husband told the court that his wife had neglected him, and he made certain allegations which lent colour to his story.

This was quite untrue. If any of the neighbours had known what he had said, as they would have done if the evidence had appeared in the local paper, they would have known him for a liar (and to avoid that reputation he would probably never have spoken that way about his wife).

Moreover, they would probably have come forward to give evidence to the contrary.

Such very valuable evidence is completely lost now that there are no reports in the local newspaper.

It might be thought that people who could give evidence or who knew enough about a case to be useful witnesses would be interested enough to come to court to listen to the proceedings. But very few can find the time.

Many families are wrecked by rogues who have no home of their own and seem to get a perverse joy out of destroying other people's. There is no doubt whatever that these rascals have been greatly helped by the present ban on newspaper reports.

★ A few days ago a barrister who handles a good many divorce cases declared that he had come across the same co-respondent on three different occasions.

The man was an out-and-out rogue, and the barrister was sure that he would never have been able to behave as he had done the second and third time if his conduct had only been fully reported on the previous occasions.

"Married women would have been on their guard against the fellow," was the barrister's dictum, "and we should have been spared these other cases altogether."

The law does not only help the guilty parties to escape a notoriety that they thoroughly deserve. It often subjects the innocent to a great deal of misunderstanding and unjust recrimination.

If nothing at all were reported about divorce cases it might be all right. But actually the charges are reported along with the defence and the judge's remarks. This very often means in practice that all that the public hears about a man is what his opponents in an action chose to say against him.

It often happens, therefore, that a man (or woman) shown in court to be completely innocent of such things as cruelty, negligence or desertion is none the less shunned and suspected by his neighbours for months because while they know everything that has been said against him, they are kept in complete ignorance of the evidence he has been able to produce in his own defence.

★ The entire divorce question is one so full of difficulties, so many-sided, that the more it is examined the more difficult it becomes to say just where to begin setting it right, although it becomes increasingly obvious that there is a great deal that is wrong.

There is the point of view of the legal profession, for instance, which has discovered that to both barrister and public the lack of publicity has presented an entirely new difficulty.

Barristers, forbidden to advertise themselves in any way, used to rely a great deal on the newspaper reports of divorce proceedings to bring their names before the public.

Similarly, members of the public who cannot know the capabilities of barristers used to learn about them from reading the reports of divorce cases as they were published in the newspapers.

But the loss of this medium by which the public kept touch with the profession is, after all, a minor question beside the real problem. Ought public opinion to be kept ignorant about the details in divorce cases and is it really conducive to the public good that it should be?

Nobody would argue for the publication of unsavoury medical details like those which undoubtedly were printed in the days when there was no ban whatever on the reporting of evidence in divorce cases.

But that is covered already by the first part of the 1926 Act, which prevents disagreeable details from being published in any case, divorce or otherwise.

It is the second part of the same measure, which puts an end to the publication of evidence only objectionable to the parties concerned, that is at present worrying so many lawyers and laymen who are concerned at the way divorce is becoming easier for the wrong people.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Two Coronation Extras!

IN a small bungalow at Dymchurch, Kent, on the edge of Romney Marsh, lives a man who has hoped that on Coronation Day he would be summoned to assume his rightful dignity of Chief Butler of England.

One obstacle to the realisation of his hope is that this great and ancient office happens to be held by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal of England.

The challenger for the Chief Butlership is Mr. Gordon Tracy Beale, who, from his modest seaside home, has launched a campaign not only to establish his right to the illustrious post at the Coronation ceremonies, but also to what he supposes to be a great estate and fortune.

Already the Coronation Court of Claims has decided that his aspirations to the dignity at Westminster Abbey are excluded from the scope of its consideration.

If you called at Beale's bungalow, he would explain to you that the Beales have descended from a half-brother of William the Conqueror—who, fittingly enough, landed in 1066 on the coast only a few miles from his humble home.

In return for saving the Conqueror's life on at least two occasions, Beale will also tell you, the family was appointed Pincerna, which, he says, means Cup Bearer.

To talk to this claimant, with his background of box-files, reference books and genealogical trees, is to be transported, in fancy anyhow, through the centuries. Tracy Beale talks of Duke Richard of Normandy and of William the Conqueror as easily as if they were next-door neighbours.

* * *

And he will admit the unfortunate circumstance that two Royal murders and a kidnapping, away back in the fourteenth century, are his only difficulties in proving his claim. It is, indeed, as Beale says, "a wonderful story."

He is now engaged in an attempt to interest wealthy members of the Beale family in Britain and America, who will be invited to provide him with funds, in exchange for a "sporting chance" of sharing in the Beale estates, which, he happily thinks, may be worth anything from a quarter of a million sterling upwards.

To such people he writes: "Our publicity campaign concerning the rights of the Pincerna Regis-in-Chief is now complete. . . . The next thing to do, if you will kindly comply, is to compile a list of people to be invited to subscribe . . . . other than those who have already provided funds."

Beale intends, with the money subscribed, to float a company called Beale Estates Recovery, Ltd., of which the founder shares are to be valued according to the funds provided.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We are not at all impressed with this would-be Chief Butler of England, and his claims to be descended from the half-brother of William the Conqueror, or with his stories of the kidnappings and stabbings of his ancestors in the fourteenth century.

He boasts about the measure of publicity he has obtained in having taken his remarkable suit to the Coronation Court of Claims. The publicity we have to give may not provide him with a similar amount of satisfaction.

The experience of one genealogical research worker who was employed by Tracy Beale has been particularly unfortunate. He was instructed by Beale to delve into ancient records and to copy in the original Latin or French every reference to the Chief Butlership office which is available.

This research work went on for weeks. Daily reports were sent to Beale. For his loss of time and money, the research worker can get no payment. When he presses for settlement he is merely told that the liability belongs to Beale Estates Recovery, Ltd., although that company is, so far, only another phantom of Beale's bright imagination.

He writes to prospective subscribers about his City advisers and reveals that he would like his dream-company to have the queer name of the "Pincerna People." But the authorities just won't have it.

This claimant of Dymchurch may succeed in obtaining ample funds to float the proposed company from people to whom he is offering his "sporting chance."

But common-sense suggests that it is a ten-million-to-one chance against his ever being recognised as having the slightest legitimate claim to the Chief Butlership of England.

Those who may be tempted to subscribe for shares in Beale's other scheme to establish inheritance to estate and fortune would also be best advised to withhold their money.

VERY QUEER SHOWBOAT

NUMBERS of JOHN BULL readers ask for information regarding a project, which has received much publicity, to provide accommodation for Coronation guests in a floating hotel on the Thames next month.

How well this scheme has looked on paper! It was one to provide a kind of Coronation Showboat—a great ocean liner to be moored off Tilbury during the period of national festivities.

The father of this hotel-liner plan, which has aroused so much public interest, is a Mr. S. C. Shaha, described as a young Indian merchant. It is represented that he is obtaining backing from a wealthy group of his fellow-countrymen in London.

There is to be luxury accommodation, first-class meals (with one free bottle of champagne a day for each guest), free motor-car transport between Tilbury and London, with facilities provided also for numerous kinds of amusement.

Dancing to a negro band, cabaret and theatre shows and even a news cinema are also promised.

What is the true position?

Well, the chief tourist and shipping agents in London—busy with Coronation work—know nothing whatever about the authenticity of Mr. Shaha's showboat-hotel. They have not been asked to act for him in making reservations, and Mr. Shaha has no organisation of his own for this purpose.

Enquiries by JOHN BULL reveal some interesting information about Shaha.

He is an Indian from Bombay, who came to this country some years ago as a seaman. The description "merchant" is distinctly misleading, for, during his life in London, Shaha has been connected with night clubs in the Soho area at which there is a clientele of coloured men and white women.

The impertinence of Shaha in putting before the public such an ambitious, colourful scheme passes belief. In fact, the Coronation Showboat is a mythical ship existing only in the imagination of its sponsor.

The Duke of Norfolk (right), whose title to the dignity of Chief Butler of England is being challenged

NO MERCY FOR MOTHER OF SIX

IF final evidence were needed of the inconsistency and harshness of the lay magistracy system of Britain it is surely to be found in this almost incredible case from Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire

Mr. George Glover, who lives in Oak Street in that town, had a splendid record of twelve years' service in the Royal Navy. But there was no work for him when he was discharged. He hunted for it far and near, but none was to be found.

He has had seven years' continuous unemployment.

Lately, of course, he and his wife and six children have had to be dependent on public assistance. Under the rigorous Means Test no more than 23s. a week was available to them for food and clothing and warmth.

Mr. and Mrs. Glover have a baby only six months old. The wife has been so debilitated by long privation that she could not nurse the infant herself, and the income of the home was so small and the price of milk so high that she could not afford to buy nearly enough milk for the delicate child.

Mr. and Mrs. George Glover

There was one member of the family who could no longer endure to watch the mother's agony and tears because the baby could not be fed. He was the Glover's eleven-year-old son.

A week or two ago the boy came home with a bottle of milk which he handed to his mother. She asked him where he obtained it, and he admitted that he had virtually stolen it.

It is a custom in Burton, as in other places, for householders to purchase milk by means of numbered tokens, or checks, which they leave on the doorstep for the milk roundsmen to collect.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

These checks are worth about threepence each.

The little boy had taken one of these tokens from a doorstep and changed it for the bottle of milk which he brought home.

His mother remonstrated with him. But she was desperate. The baby was crying and ill for want of nourishment. It had only had a few spoonfuls of milk for some days.

So Mrs. Glover kept the milk and fed the child with it.

Several times afterwards the boy went out again on his expeditions of mercy and theft. In all, he stole about six shillings' worth of milk checks.

Discovery was inevitable. The mother waited in dread for the police to call.

When they did arrive to question the boy his statement to them was in these words: "I first went out when I heard my mother say she had no milk. I went out and got some checks. I wanted some milk for the baby. I told my mother what I had done, and she said, 'You will get into trouble.'"

* * *

Mrs. Glover was charged with receiving the stolen milk and taken into custody. The whole pitiable story was told to the Burton magistrates—the seven years' unemployment of the father and everything else.

They sentenced the mother to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour on each of two charges, the sentences to run concurrently.

Remember, Mrs. Glover had never before been in the slightest trouble. It was not disputed that she had kept the milk solely for the sake of her impoverished six-months-old baby.

Did the punishment fit the crime?

Let that question be answered by another happening at the same police court on the same day before the same magistrates.

* * *

There came before them another woman—a fifty-nine-year-old spinster named Nellie Dicken, of Walker Street, Burton, who admitted stealing jewellery worth £7 from her lodgings and pawning and selling it.

"I had a big bill to meet," was this woman's explanation. "I ask for your mercy," she added.

The magistrates had not listened to Mrs. Glover's appeal for mercy or her explanation about the responsibilities she and her husband and six children had to face through destitution. They condemned and sentenced her to hard labour for a few shillings worth of milk for her baby.

But they generously entertained the plea of the single woman who had stolen £7.

She was bound over!

RUINED *though* Innocent

EXTREME suffering and loss is being caused to a well-known business family in the East End of London because of the wrongful prosecution of one of its members on a grave criminal charge.

There is no doubt whatever about the complete innocence of the accused person, and the facts provide the public with still another startling instance of the refusal of a Government Department to act justly in cases of the kind where serious damage has been inflicted on reputation and means.

The victim on this occasion has been Mr. Victor Punshon, a twenty-eight-year-old married man, who is in partnership with his father in an old-established carpentry business in Church Road, Leyton, E.

On information given to them, the police had no alternative to act as they did in prosecuting Mr. Punshon, but seldom can any man or his family have had to endure more serious consequences from what speedily proved to be an accusation without substance or foundation.

* * *

Recently, Mr. Punshon drove his business van to a London hospital to take home his brother who had been a patient there. On the return journey he stopped to allow the brother to visit a friend, and Mr. Punshon observed a stranger examining the vehicle and afterwards scrutinising him closely.

Some hours later detectives called on Mr. Punshon and informed him that he and his van had been identified as having participated in a big shop robbery *two weeks previously*.

It was the first he had heard about the robbery, but he learned that the premises of a manufacturer had been broken into in broad daylight and three tons of Coronation goods, valued at £400, had been removed in the space of about two hours.

The stranger who had examined him so searchingly in the street had informed the police that he believed Mr. Punshon to be the man concerned in the raid.

Later, the stranger again picked out Mr. Punshon at a formal identification parade, but he admitted that, when he saw a man in the vicinity of the shop which was robbed two weeks before, it was getting dark and he did not pay much attention to him.

Mr. Punshon protested that it was impossible he or his van could have been involved in the big theft because it was only a 30-cwt. vehicle and at least three tons of goods had been stolen.

* * *

None of the neighbouring shopkeepers, the police found, had seen anything unusual at the premises on the day on which they were reported to have been raided, and no one else could identify Mr. Punshon.

When Mr. Punshon was put in the dock at the police court, the detectives in charge of the case gave their testimony with the utmost fairness. They made it clear that the stranger who had "identified" Mr. Punshon a fortnight later had at first given only the vaguest kind of description of someone he saw near the shop at the time of the robbery.

The police also informed the Court that Mr. Punshon had a clean record and that he belonged to a very respectable business family.

Numerous witnesses were ready to be called by Mr. Punshon in his defence. They would have testified that his van had been in another part of London and that he was at business at the time of the robbery.

Mr. Victor Punshon

But the magistrates said it was quite unnecessary to hear any defence. They acquitted Mr. Punshon without a stain on his character. Yet they refused an application for costs.

His defence cost Mr. Punshon more than £30. But, what is worse, the report of his arrest has so damaged the old family business that it has come practically to a standstill. The customers, unaware of the facts, have left almost in a body.

Representations have been made to the Home Office that this innocent man should receive adequate compensation.

The reply is that it is not a case for the Home Secretary.

That is true. The Home Secretary has no power to offer any redress.

But the Prime Minister, as First Lord of the Treasury, possesses the necessary power. And Mr. Baldwin will most certainly be challenged in the next few days in Parliament to exercise it.

Shame On a Wealthy Resort!

MUNICIPAL meanness must have reached its limit in wealthy Southend-on-Sea.

Lately, the Southend council gave a public works contract on one of its estates to a firm named Messrs. F. Gallagher, Ltd., of Romford, Essex.

This company has just gone into liquidation, and among its creditors is Mr. William Tate, employed as night watchman on the Corporation's work.

He has made repeated applications to the firm for £6 16s. of wages owing to him, but no notice has been taken.

* * *

Tate, it has to be known, is an old soldier who had a leg blown off in the war and received no fewer than thirteen bullet wounds in one side of his body.

The poor, broken soldier had no alternative but to sue Messrs. Gallagher. When he obtained judgment against them the other day, however, it was severely impressed upon him by the magistrates that he had little chance of getting any of the money owing to him.

Tate remarked in court that surely the Corporation would help him in some way out of his terrible plight. Again the magistrates had only cheerless counsel to give him. It was that the matter had nothing to do with the Corporation.

He was recommended to throw himself on the mercy of the poor law.

Technically, the Southend Corporation has no liability. Morally, it seems to have much. It gave public work to a private firm and, since the contractors defaulted the Corporation has taken over the work itself.

But all Tate's appeals to the council are coldly refused. For his work on the town's behalf he has had nothing.

Yet the Southend Corporation is proud to declare on its official notepaper that it participates actively in the National Scheme to help disabled ex-Service men.

Fine Nurse Sacrificed

THERE was general acclamation of the new Midwives Act when it came into force a few months ago, and the Government has made much capital out of the fact that, before next July, every area of Britain will have a competent and, if necessary, free midwifery and child welfare service.

But already disquieting events are becoming known in connection with the early operation of the Act.

Following the introduction of much improved conditions in the payment and duties of midwives, there has been a rush of applicants for the posts. And in that rush, it is becoming apparent, qualified midwives with long service—who endured the terrible conditions of the profession before the new Act was passed—are now being sacrificed and trampled on.

JOHN BULL must commend to the attention of the Minister of Health the worst case of the kind so far made known to us.

It concerns Mrs. M. C. Lobley, a State certified midwife, who has for long worked as midwife, maternity and general nurse and health and clinic visitor in the Leiston district of East Suffolk, and been responsible for five thousand families in seven villages over an area of twenty-one square miles.

In twenty-two years of devoted and underpaid service Mrs. Lobley has never lost a mother in childbirth out of many hundreds of cases. Lately, while the local nursing association was in debt, she even accepted a substantial reduction of her already meagre salary, until she was left with an income of only 27s. 6d. a week. To live, she had to draw on her savings to the extent of £150.

Mrs. M. C. Lobley

She went on with her heavy and responsible work, however, in the expectation that redress would come with the introduction of the new Midwives Act. Her hopes seemed to be realised a few weeks ago when the county medical authorities notified her that she had been given complete control of the maternity and health visiting services in the district, and that her salary would be raised to the new standard under the Act.

* * *

Now, without any warning, the local nursing association—a voluntary body—has dismissed her from the post with no other explanation than that they wish to appoint in her place a Queen's Nurse, who will command a salary of two and a half times the amount which Mrs. Lobley has drawn for so many years.

If the Minister of Health tolerates the continuance of a scandal of this kind against qualified midwives with fine records, who bore the brunt of the appalling conditions of the past, the Government scheme is bound to be suspect and in peril.

FREE ISSUE OF "NELSON'S BLOOD"

WOULD you like a bottle of rum for nothing, post and duty paid?

If so, put yourself in touch with Mead and Hayward, Ltd., of Lower Regent St., London, W.

This is the extraordinary inducement being held out by them to persuade the public to provide a small temporary loan of £10,000 to finance shipments of rum to France.

For every £10 you lend you are also promised a yearly dividend of £4 8s.

Second thoughts should be given to this benevolent distribution of rum and profit.

Shopkeepers Take Warning

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' recent exposure of the methods of salesmen employed by the advertising firm which trades under the name of Cyril Hirst, Ltd., of Saville Street, Leeds has brought forth additional complaints by the score from all over Britain.

If small traders do not yet realise what may be in store for them after entering into agreements with the agents of Cyril Hirst, Ltd., let them study the experience of Mr. Norman Salmon, of Hastings, who has just been sent to Lewes Jail because he had been held to owe £2 14s. to this firm.

The young man, taken from his wife, children, home and employment, would have remained in jail for fourteen days and would probably have lost his job but for friends coming to his help and buying his release after three days' imprisonment.

Mr. Salmon's unhappy contact with Cyril Hirst, Ltd., began four years ago, when Thomas Fenbow, representing the firm, called at his small shop and persuaded him to have an advertising cabinet placed outside the premises at a rental of 2s. a week.

The young tradesman was dubious about signing the contract and explained to Fenbow that he was only a weekly tenant of the shop. Fenbow assured him, however, that Cyril Hirst, Ltd., would release him from the agreement if he ever had to give up business.

This smooth-tongued salesman, whose criminal record we have already disclosed and whose word no one could safely accept, even repeated this assurance to Mr. Salmon's landlord. By these means, Fenbow—who once asked for more than forty other cases to be taken into consideration when he was being sentenced for obtaining money by false pretences—got Mr. Salmon's signature to the contract.

Cyril Hirst, Ltd., refused to give the slightest relief from the agreement to Mr. Salmon when, three months later, he had to give up his little general shop.

He tried to pay the debt as best as he could. Only a few days before he was recently arrested and committed to prison at the instance of Cyril Hirst, Ltd., he sent the firm an instalment.

And that isn't the end of it. Cyril Hirst, Ltd., have obtained a further judgment against him for £9 10s. in respect of the cabinet, which was returned so long ago.

If, after being made aware of these facts, other shopkeepers succumb to the wiles of any representative of Cyril Hirst, Ltd., they almost deserve to pay the penalty.

Shameful HAVOC of the

Grave Menace to BRITAIN'S Beauty Spots

A mass of bungalows in Kent—the "garden of England"—which were built in a war-time emergency, and remain!

WITH Spring and the first burst of real sunshine, the thoughts of millions are turning again to the countryside—or what there is left of it.

And with the summer we shall have a spate of conferences among the societies—there are about 100 of them—which are bent upon "preserving" the countryside. As in previous years, delegates by the score will get up and read mildly phrased papers which deplore the decay and destruction which are spreading across Britain.

It will all be very gentlemanly and urbane, and full of that serene English conviction that you cannot get anything done in this country in less than 100 years.

And what use are these conferences? At one of them last year a certain delegate actually suggested that the Labour L.C.C. had been hastening too swiftly with its London "Green Belt" plans!

Yet Queen Elizabeth was in with that idea before Mr. Herbert Morrison. In 1586 she foresaw the opportunities to land speculators in the swift growth of London.

But she recognised equally the right of the ordinary citizen to a gulp of fresh air occasionally, on land he could call his own. So she issued a Royal Proclamation declaring a "Green Belt" round London.

We have had to wait 356 years for that Proclamation to be acted upon, and for the L.C.C. to collect its precious 20,000 acres of "Green Belt." There should have been ten times as much.

But though Mr. Morrison worked quickly, he was only just in time. Another year or two, and it would have been too late.

And there you have our complaint.

We do not for a moment wish to decry the efforts of these many "preservation" societies.

For some, like the National Trust, and the Commons and Footpaths Society, we all have reason to be grateful.

But the destruction of the countryside is now moving too fast to be checked by the conferences and resolutions of private societies.

You may go down a bridle-path this Spring which has been used as a bridle-path for centuries. But by summer you may quite likely find it a roaring by-road for motor-cars.

Last summer you may have gone down to bathe along an age-old cliff path to your favourite cove. This year you will possibly find your cliff access cut off by a line of bungalows, a toll-gate across your path, and your cove turned into a "Private Beach" with a charge made for bathing.

Or you may have sunk your savings in a plot of land in unspoiled countryside, built a house thereon which graces it, and then, next year, find a speculative builder has dumped down a block of monstrosities, "built by the mile and sawn off"—thus ruining your pleasure and halving the value of your savings investment at one fell swoop.

You may have loved and constantly visited a stretch of ancient downland, and this year find a tide of bungalows sweeping over the crest, and a cement works or a chemical factory down in the hollow.

All these things are happening everywhere in this England of ours. And they are happening all the time. With increasing and terrifying rapidity the amenities of the countryside are being destroyed, public rights usurped, the vandal and the private profit-taker sweeping all before them.

Look where you like and you will not find a country which pays a greater lip service to tradition and to the beauty which is the national heritage than England. Go through the records of a year of public dinners and similar gatherings from now, and it is a fair assumption that 50 per cent. of them will contain references by statesmen and others to the progressive desecration of the countryside.

But it is *all* lip service. The same statesmen who bemoan that condition of affairs do nothing to redress it. They leave that work to be done by private bodies and public charity.

A few months ago the National Trust announced that it wanted to acquire Glastonbury Tor for the nation. This huge hill is one of the most ancient and famous sites in British history or, indeed, in all Christendom.

At its summit is the ruin which is the reputed castle and home of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. At its foot is the legendary Glastonbury Thorn, which flowers at May Day and Christmas, to which pilgrims have come from all over the world for a thousand years because it is reputed to have grown from a staff planted by St. Joseph of Arimathea.

And now, to save this ancient place from falling into the hands of the builders, the National Trust are desperately appealing for £2,500. It is passing the hat round for the coppers and shillings of the public.

The State doesn't care a shilling about it. What other country could show you a like example? There is not one which treats its historical and beautiful places in such a fashion.

Sometimes the Trust even has to *fight* the State to save an area from spoliation. It has only just managed to prevent the Government from ruining the gem of all England—the Lake District.

Whitehall had decided to push on with afforestation schemes in all districts adjoining "depressed areas." The Lake District is one of those regions, so the Government was going to plant thousands of ugly and gloomy firs along places like Wastwater and Kirkstone Pass.

This action undertaken to "help unemployment" would ruin all the views and all the local industries like sheep-farming and the tourist industry. Again the hat went round so that the Trust could acquire the threatened land and the Government sponsors of this crazy forest scheme reluctantly withdrew.

In other words, the State had to be bought off to prevent it from spoiling one of the few beautiful places which belong to us all.

The National Trust which does this work gets no help from the State except recognition by Statute. It manages with 3,000 subscribing members, many of whom can afford only the minimum subscription of 10s. a year.

The good will and pockets of the public must provide the rest. So far—in about thirty years—it has managed to save a total of 57,000 acres of the finest and most beautiful places in England and Scotland.

But it is a losing fight—because 30,000 acres *a year* of Britain are disappearing under bricks and mortar.

The State does absolutely nothing to preserve natural beauty, or what is generally called "amenities."

The only Department which is even remotely concerned with this subject is the Ancient Monuments Department of the Office of Works.

It *will* spend public money on the repair and preservation of beautiful buildings—but only *provided they are in a state of ruin and remain in that state.*

Look at some other aspects of the State's record with regard to preserving the country as something other than a place merely fit to work, starve or die in.

Take first the question of ownership of land in this country with all its fantastic feudal complications, but with which, nevertheless, matters like rights of way and all kinds of public amenities are bound up.

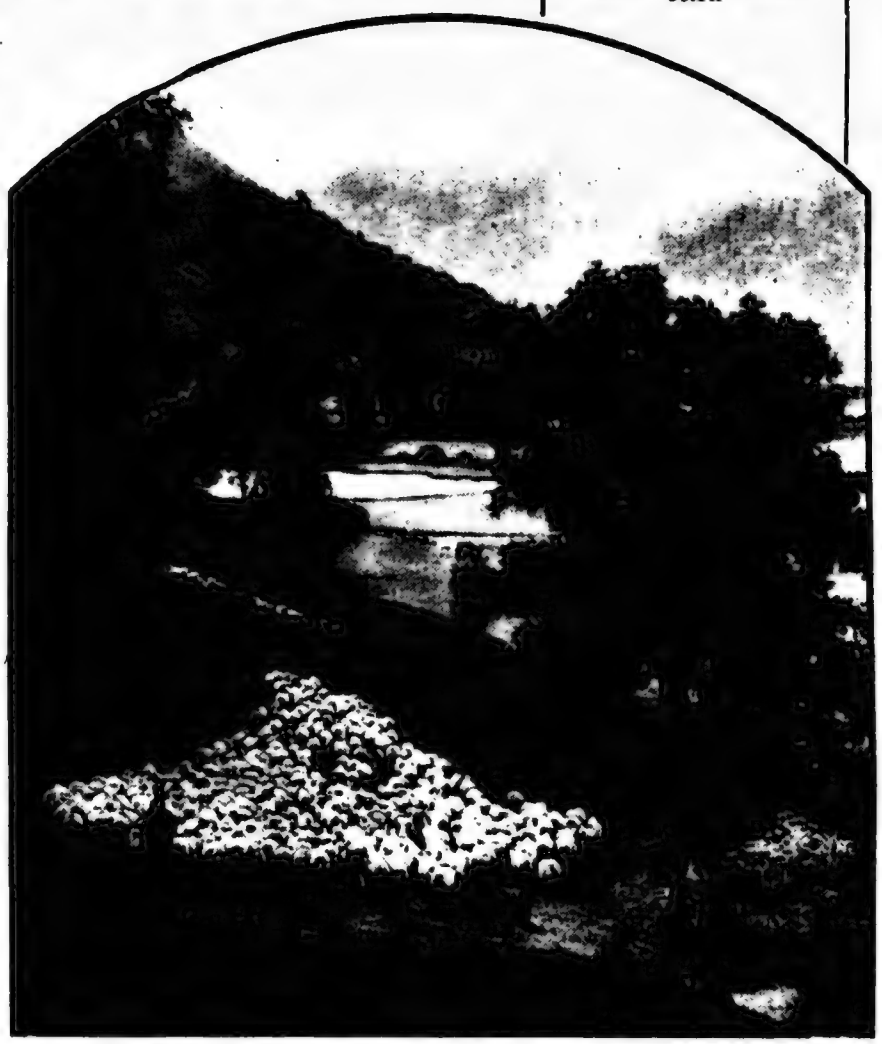
It was only on January 1 last year that copyholds and "manorial incidents" became extinguished. "Incidents" are ridiculous survivals in the way of rent paid to a Lord of the Manor, like "a snowball at midsummer, a red rose at Christmas."

These survivals are very interesting as a matter of history, but they can and do affect your right, say, to reach a cliff path and any of numerous other "rights of way."

The Government had this legislation forced upon it, but it seems already to be regretting it, because

VANDALS

Closed down indefinitely—and in a rural part of England, where depression is not felt, more factories spring up. We must fight to preserve such scenes as are shown below



it is crazily complicated and raises so many questions of compensation, etc., to landowners that it is almost already unworkable.

Similarly, the Rights of Way Act passed in 1934 is another "wash-out"—obviously brought to birth to pacify public outcry. The Government thoughtfully avoided appointing any central body with statutory powers in the matter, so that to-day nobody knows what and where the public footpaths of the country are.

There are at least 100,000 miles of footpaths in Great Britain, but the survey which was to schedule them all has collapsed. About a half-dozen counties have made an effort to investigate titles, etc., and record paths which are public property.

The rest have not bothered. Essex, as an example, discovered and mapped 2,600 miles of "rights of way," as a result of only about two years' work, and at a cost of only about £4,000. A large proportion of these paths were brought to the public notice for the first time for generations.

You have only to look at Court reports to gauge the public feeling about such matters as "rights of way." There are dozens every year, a good many ending in the police courts. In any other country in Europe the civic authority can tell you in a flash which paths belong to the public and which to private landowners.

England, where public liberty is so much prized, is the only country which has no complete survey of land ownership. The last one was Domesday Book.

What else has the Government done to maintain Britain as a land fit for heroes—or even ordinary men—to live in and enjoy? It has produced two of the most appalling "white elephants" ever devised by Parliament—the Ribbon Development Act and the Town and Country Planning Acts.

The first was designed to restrict the building of houses along the new highways and roads, which was nullifying their purpose of providing speedy transport with public safety.

But speculative builders have grabbed the land along these highways because road charges would be met at the public expense. The net result is that they have now become dangerous corridors stretching out from every large town, and the rows and rows of houses built alongside are ruining miles of countryside.

Thousands of houses are still being built along these highways because the Act is full of almost deliberate loopholes in the way of "exemptions."

For instance, the Act exempted houses which had been "started." So all the builders had to do was to buy up stretches along every available highway, dig a few trenches, and stake out foundations. That constituted "starting" even though the houses were not to be built for months to come. And they had months and years to do this in while the Act was being debated.

It is now admitted that the true purpose of the Ribbon Development Act has been completely defeated. Local authorities all over the country have ceased trying to cope with it, and it has kicked the middle out of their planning schemes.

So all along the new arterial roads you see blocks of "private enterprise" houses along the borders and blocks of "council houses" curving around and behind them without any semblance of planning or coherent design.

The Town and Country Planning Acts, which were supposed to prevent any Tom, Dick, or Harry building where he liked, and *what* he liked, are a similar chaotic failure, all because of a central authority and inadequate control.

Less than half the councils of the country have got proper planning schemes in hand and many of these are at a standstill because the authorities have not even got adequate maps of their areas

And then whole districts which come under the heading of agriculture—which means pastures, woods, hills, fells and moors, are outside of the statutory system altogether.

Yet from the point of view of preserving the beauty of the countryside it is just as important to prevent an ugly road or a line of pylons from being driven across a fellside as to stop a row of multi-coloured shacks from being built on the skyline of a down. As it is, the Acts fail in preventing both these actions.

What else, as far as the *Government's* share in this general desecration of Britain?

There are direct measures like its presumed sanction for an explosive factory in the valleys near Great Marlow, in Bucks—in which case the nightingale haunts of Cliveden and Quarry Woods would disappear under acid fumes, and the birds' song compete with the factory hooters.

And there are indirect measures. Death duties have led to the break-up of the great landed estates, but any bargain whereby some of these places could become public property by remission of death duties is nullified by conditions the Government makes.

For instance, it will remit death duties only if the roof of the "big house" falls in, and so, technically, it becomes "a ruin" and its surrounding lands a wilderness. Then the builder steps in.

It plays a further part in the spoliation of England by its own deliberate inaction or mean economy. For instance, it is an accepted fact that there has been an enormous drift of industrial factories to the south of England, and that drift has been accomplished at the expense of destruction of enormous tracts of southern countryside.

The Government knows that as well as anybody else. It knows, too, that those new factories have left derelicts behind in the so-called industrial counties.

There are tremendous areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire which were described in a recent official statement as "festering skeletons of industry; gaunt, roofless factory buildings mouldering in a waste of foul-smelling slag heaps and scum-laden, stagnant pools big enough to be called small lakes."

That is the ruin which industry has left behind. Yet when the local authorities and M.P.s of these areas asked for assistance to clear up the mess, to level the derelicts and bring the land back to the tolerably pleasant state—the answer was "No."

But there are scores or even hundreds of other points which will serve as an indictment of the State's share in the desecration and ruin of the countryside.

All over Britain there are lovely places, "countries of the heart" to thousands of people, which they have seen this summer for the last time. That is a monstrous thing. For beauty is as much a part of the national capital as our financial resources.

And much the same steps must be taken to conserve it. Conferences by private organisations are not enough. And the spoliation of the countryside, the loss of beauty to ugliness is proceeding at too great a pace for the efforts of private people alone to be of much avail.

The State must bear its full share of responsibility instead of merely passing trumpery and temporising measures and then handing them over to the good will—or lack of it—of local councils to carry out.

It would be too much to ask for a Ministry of Scenery—although other countries have Ministries of Fine Arts, which amounts to much the same thing.

But what we *do* demand is the appointment of a central body within the Government which will be responsible for the working of the various Acts for the preservation of the countryside, and which can co-ordinate the various interests involved in any scheme of national planning.

What we want is something like the present Department for the Co-ordination of Defence. We want a similar central body which will take over national planning as far as the beauty of the country is concerned; which can smooth out the conflicting duties of the Ministry of Health, of Transport, and the other Departments which at present work against each other and simply turn any national plan into a national muddle.

If such a body can be created for one side of the country's activities, it can be for the other. For though the country has to be defended, it also has *to be lived in*.

And there are many people who believe that if the general uglifying and ruin makes further strides, the country will be scarcely worth defending—*or* living in.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Ashley, near Newmarket. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
—PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium" 10-6d. 20-11½d.

N.C.C. 383A

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

YOU'LL DO JUSTICE, SIR JOHN

Penny a Week Wives—Nonsense from a Bishop—A Real Mayor's Nest!—Higher Wages, Better Work

DEAR SIR JOHN SIMON,—Before you are the full depositions in the case of Ronald Hugh Stowell Phillips, eighteen-year-old student, lately sentenced to a year's imprisonment on a charge of endeavouring to seduce a member of the King's Forces from his allegiance.

On your judgment depends whether that grievously severe sentence is allowed to stand.

I venture—with all respect—to anticipate your decision. The sentence will be remitted, and young Phillips immediately released.

For on every ground of humanity and justice the sentence cannot be allowed to stand.

Already the youth has suffered adequate punishment for his heedless, foolish and mischievous conduct. He has by now been imprisoned in Wakefield Jail for close on a month.

I want to argue the matter as it appeals to average members of the public of all classes and political opinions. I can gauge the feeling from the hundreds of letters reaching me.

Phillips, a well-educated, impressionable lad, was one of the most promising students at the University of Leeds. He has an impulsive character; is prone to talk and act before he thinks. His youthful, unformed political beliefs incline to the extreme Left.

* * *

What happens? By chance he meets at the buffet of a Leeds railway station a R.A.F. corporal, and gets into conversation with him, securing the corporal's address at Scrampton Aerodrome.

Subsequently Phillips writes a ridiculous letter inviting him to fly with a Service aeroplane to aid the Spanish Government in Madrid; penning arrant nonsense about world revolution and suggesting that the corporal one day may lead the workers of Britain to victory!

Of course, the corporal immediately reports this letter to his commanding officer. The police are informed. The Special Political Branch of Scotland Yard makes its enquiries. Phillips is arrested.

Before Mr. Justice Singleton at Leeds Assizes, Phillips pleaded guilty—the only thing, of course, he really could do—expressed deep regret for his conduct and was prepared to give a solemn undertaking never to act again in such a fashion.

To say that the sentence on this boy surprised the whole country is, I think, putting it mildly.

Though no legal appeal was entered against the sentence, an immediate agitation arose for revision of the punishment. A group of M.P.s brought the question directly before you.

A pathetic endeavour was that of the Rev. R. S. Phillips, father of the imprisoned boy, who telegraphed to the King on his son's behalf.

* * *

"I do not seek to condone the offence, which he admitted," said the father in that message. "No hurt, however, was done to the realm by what was generally regarded as an impulsive act of youthful folly."

And that is the whole point: No harm was done to the safety of the State.

Youthful folly brings its suffering and punishment—as young Phillips realises now—but surely not to the tune of twelve months behind prison bars. He went to prison on March 9. He is there still.

It is enough. Indeed, it is too much for what was done. You, Sir John, will act in the way that right lies.

I foresee the release of Hugh Phillips from Wakefield Jail.—JOHN BULL.

You'll release young Hugh Phillips from jail, Sir John!

Mr. J. R. MACDONALD,
Hull Stipendiary

DEAR MR. MACDONALD,—I suppose most magistrates could tell the same tale—that most payments under separation and affiliation orders are very small, "because the wages of those concerned are not big." And you say that many of the orders are for 1d., 3d., 1s., and half-a-crown a week!

What a sidelight it throws upon our economic conditions! And what an argument for insisting on cheaper facilities for divorce!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. P. AMIGO,
St. George's Cathedral, Southwark

SIR,—Are you trying to foster dissension between Catholics and non-Catholics? After criticising certain newspapers for their attitude towards the fight for what you call "religious freedom" in Spain, you declare that "people misrepresent everything that is Catholic."

This is not only the sheerest nonsense, but dangerous nonsense, as I know my Catholic readers will agree.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Dundee

GENTLEMEN,—As a set-off to your generosity in lowering your tenants' rents by 10 per cent. you have inflicted upon them a dozen "don'ts."

Among other things, you will not let them keep dogs or pigeons or use their wireless sets after ten-thirty at night.

Apart from these restrictions you will, I hope, kindly grant them the privilege of living their lives as they choose.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,
Scottish Banks

SIRS,—You remind me of ostriches by ignoring the demands of your employees that they should be allowed to organise themselves as trade unionists.

Now you are faced with the prospect of a strike which will play havoc with your business system.

Why be so purblind? Every body of employers holding your views has had to climb down in the end. And so will you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. LESLIE WALTON,
Chairman, Vauxhall Motors, Ltd.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—Nine people out of ten know you're right in declaring that where there is a high standard of efficiency there is also a high standard of wages.

But we have still to knock this fact into the muddle-headed industrialists who can't realise that low wages means poor production.—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,
Willesden

YOUR WORSHIP,—I dare say your council will be criticised because it is not going in for a lot of flag-waving at the Coronation. Instead, you are planning to give parcels to the unemployed, schoolchildren and the blind. Well, I like to see decorations, but I don't blame you for thinking that people can celebrate better with something in their stomachs.

Many big firms, instead of decorating their premises for the Jubilee, sent cheques to charities. And that found favour with King George V.—JOHN BULL.

STANLEY URBAN COUNCIL,
Durham

GENTLEMEN,—You sat in solemn conclave and blamed yourselves for the high local rents. All due to the housing shortage, you said, and that was the result of your own three years' neglect.

Splendid frankness—until one bears in mind that this was your last meeting before the district is amalgamated for local government purposes. And you had the nerve to hope the new authority would remedy the shortage.

Good riddance to you!—JOHN BULL.

Councillor G. M. NELSON,
Mayor of Warwick

SIR,—Whether your words were meant in jest or earnest, they should not have been uttered.

"In Warwickshire we have a peculiar class of criminal called motorists," you said the other day, "and until they have been driven from our boundaries by persecution or prosecution," you have little hope of being presented with a pair of white gloves at the police court.

My hope is that all magistrates who regard motorists as fair game for persecution will soon be driven from the Bench.—JOHN BULL.

Most Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE,
Archbishop of York

YOUR GRACE,—You are not the only one to be amazed that the Italian massacres in Addis Ababa were allowed to pass without a howl of rage from the civilised world. So was I. So were all decent-minded men and women.

But people cannot give howls of indignation and still keep their tongue in their cheek. I think you will agree that the latter is what those leaders who should be expressing public opinion—and indignation—are doing at present.—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

BORES IN PLUS FOURS

OF all the crazy girls there are
The very craziest by far,
Inviting ev'ry scoff,
Is one who reckons that she can
Be happy married to a man
Whose fav'rite game is "goff"!

This is the sort of mad mistake
No girl of common-sense could make,
And, for myself, I'd sooner
My daughter led a spinster's life,
Became a tax-collector's wife,
Or even wed a crooner!

If it comes to that, I'm by no means certain that I shouldn't prefer her to go on the films or off the deep-end. This, at least, is how I am feeling at the moment, having just imbibed the considered opinion of Mrs. Walter Hagen that "If a girl marries a golfer, she's crazy."

Mrs. Hagen was herself one of the crazy gang, but, having just divorced her mighty Amurkan golfing husband, she apparently regards her decree nisi as a certificate that she is now compos-so-to-speak-mentis.

Walter, his ex-wife declares, "was screwy about golf. He lived for it, and so I was left in the cold. Golf wrecked my heart-throb and it's wrecking lots of others."

It is painful to think that while golfers are sowing their wild oaths on courses throughout England they are hard at work not only removing divots but breaking heart-throbs, erecting hazards on the matrimonial fairway and reducing their neglected wives to a state of wedded widowhood.

"Women," according to Mrs. Hagen, "can take golf in moderation. But a man just can't get it out of his bloodstream. It is a new kind of madness. Marry a golfer and you're half-way to the Divorce Court before you get to the altar."

Reading these impassioned words, it becomes obvious that Mrs. Hagen has a grievance. But the astonishing thing is that her grievance appears to be that she did not see enough of her golfing husband.

This seems rather like complaining that one does not enjoy enough of the company of one's mother-in-law or the rent collector. My own view is that anyone who spends more than 4¼ minutes with a golf addict on the fourth Friday of every second Leap Year has more of such company than the average human stomach is capable of digesting.

The golf widow who sits at home counting the minutes until her insane husband will return to gibber of how he fozzled his putt at the fourth and with what incredible brilliancy he handled his niblick at the tenth must indeed be a glutton for punishment.

Now and then there are days when I
think with amaze
Of the number of bores that I know:
There's the angler who lies of the stag-
gering size
Of his catches, and won't let you go;
And the bridge-playing fiend, who can
never be weaned
From describing at length ev'ry hand
He has held, and the way he proceeded to
play,
Is a blister too painful to stand!

But the worst of all bores is the bloke in
plus-fours
Discoursing of "slices" and "cuts."
Of "stances" and "swings" and mys-
terious things
(That he spends his time missing)
called "putts."
To be told that wives yearn for the gum-
boil's return
And over his absences grieve,
Is a yarn one and all will dismiss as too
tall
For e'en the Marines to believe!

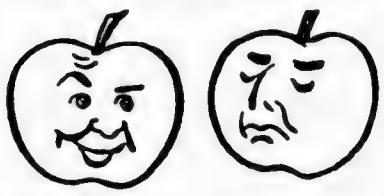
Y. Z.

Another Bulmer's Contest

25 SILVER TANKARDS FREE

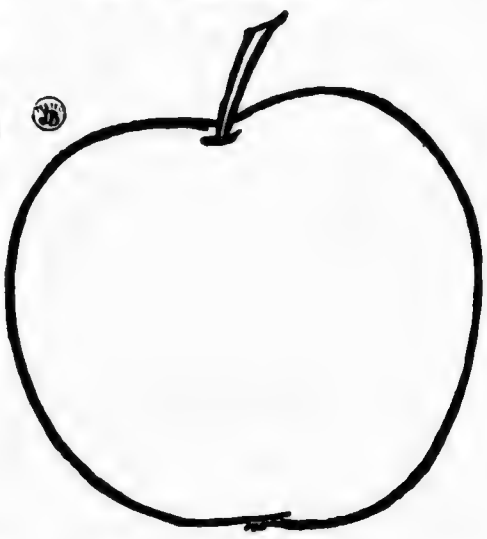
ONCE again we give you the opportunity to win one of the beautiful heavy solid silver tankards that proved such popular prizes in the Bulmer's contest last year.

All you have to do is to draw a face in the outline apple printed on the right. You don't have to be an artist—you don't even have to know how to draw! It's simplicity itself to add a few lines and make the apple into a face—in fact the simpler your sketch, the bigger your chance of winning. Out with your pencil now and win one of those tankards!



EXAMPLES

These two examples show you what can be done with a few strokes of the pen or pencil. But don't copy these—it is originality that will win you one of those beautiful tankards.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Just draw some features in pencil or ink (not coloured) on the outline of the apple printed above or on a tracing of it. Send your entry with your name and address and the name and address of your local cider suppliers to H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, Hereford, to reach us before April 15, 1937. In the top left hand corner of the stamped side of your envelope write the word "Competition." A silver tankard will be awarded to each of the 25 entries considered best by Mr. Bulmer, whose decision must be considered final. Results will be published in the "Daily Herald" on April 23, 1937.

2½ lbs. of Apples to every flagon

BULMERS' 'WOODPECKER' (medium sweet) OR
BULMERS' 'DRY' • 5 GLASSES TO THE FLAGON

10½D PER FLAGON

10½d. a flagon (England & Wales only). 1/- in Scotland.

H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Cider Makers, Hereford.

royds 380

With apologies to CLAPHAM & DWYER

"Oi!!... no bushing about the beat..

They must be

Phillips HEELS

WARNING! Look for the name. Every PHILLIPS guaranteed Heel bears the name PHILLIPS. We invite you to send us the name and address of any Shopman failing to fit PHILLIPS Heels, after you had ordered them, and we will arrange for you shoes to be refitted with PHILLIPS guaranteed Heels. Phillips' Patents Ltd., Dept. J.B. Western Ave., Acton, W.3.

Have a Cigarette Bill?

"No thanks, can't get any satisfaction out of those packet fags. I roll my own with a Rizla Outfit, price fourpence, and I get better and fresher smokes, and save 3/6 a week into the bargain. It's as easy as kissing your hand—the Rizla Outfit saves pounds a year and its cost in a day."

"Thanks for the tip, Bill—I'll get one to-day from my Tobacconist."

On sale by all tobacconists

Price **4D** *Complete*

RIZLA
CIGARETTE ROLLING POUCH OUTFIT

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS
RIZLA FILTER TIPS
RIZLA ROLLING OUTFITS

Some of the unemployed who marched to London to protest against Government inactivity on the distressed areas. When will Mr. Brown realise the inadequacy of his plans to help them?

Eye-Opener for Mr. BROWN

By A. G. Gardiner

IF Mr. Ernest Brown has found time to read a book which I have been reading of late he must be feeling uncomfortable. I hope he will feel something more than uncomfortable. I hope he will feel that, as Minister of Labour, he has a job to do that must be done and that brooks no delay.

It is about South Wales. There is no story in the industrial history of this country more poignant than that of the mountain land between the Towy and the Usk.

It is the story of a boom and a slump as like the tale of a Californian gold rush as this country can supply. The boom has passed. The slump is with us to-day. What are we to do with the wreckage?

Let us glance for a moment at the sequence of events in this curve from poverty to affluence and from affluence to poverty. Up to the middle of last century South Wales had been mainly rural. The iron ore and coal seams had been worked for a century but were of relatively small account.

Then about 1850 the suitability of the lower coal seams in Glamorganshire for steam purposes was discovered and the great boom began. Coal was king, and here was coal beyond the dreams of avarice.

The port of Cardiff became the greatest port in the world for the shipment of coal. The railway boom was at its height and here were coal and iron to supply all requirements.

South Wales had become a Golconda. Landowners and promoters found in it a field for vast adventures. Companies sprang up like mushrooms in a summer night. Enormous fortunes were made.

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From all quarters labour poured in to the Rhondda valleys. The population grew by leaps and bounds, and the old solitude gave place to long straggling rows of cottages in the deep valley bottoms.

The spirit of the mining camp overspread all. Nature was defaced and no true community life was developed. The boom gathered momentum and went on to the beginning of this century.

Then came omens of change. King Coal's empire was threatened. Cardiff's dominion as the seat of the king began to be shaken. New sources of power—oil, water, electricity—sprang into use. There were rumblings of unrest in the mining camp.

There followed the war, and the dreadful aftermath of the war. Economic nationalism set in. The currents of world trade were blocked with tariffs. Unemployment spread like a plague.

And under the cumulative effect of all these blows the South Wales boom passed and depression settled like a fog over the land.

And the fog persists. Trade is booming, but not in South Wales. Unemployment is disappearing, but not in South Wales. Hope has revived, but South Wales is still in the grip of despair.

What is to be done about it? It is to provide an answer to this question that the book to which I have referred—"The Second Industrial Survey of South Wales"—has been published. It is a monumental work in three volumes, carried out by Professor Marquand and his colleagues at Cardiff University.

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It sets out to answer three questions: (1) What is the present industrial position in South Wales? (2) What facilities for recovery it possesses? (3) What new industries can be introduced and where?

First as to the magnitude of the disaster. Since 1921 there has been a flight from South Wales as great as the flight to it last century. Between 1921 and 1931 the population declined by migration by 242,000.

Since 1931 there has been a further estimated loss of 72,000. By 1945 it is calculated that 250,000 more will have gone.

But in spite of this stampede there is still a labour surplus of 80,000. If that number of insured workers was removed to-morrow from the stricken area "there would remain an ample supply of labour for the needs of all industries, while leaving about 12 per cent. of the total labour supply wholly unemployed."

This tragic host of 80,000 is the problem. What is the solution? With regard to a quarter of the total, nothing but relief measures of some sort. "We have to face the position that whatever industrial development takes place some 20,000 men (15,000 over fifty-four years of age) are never likely to be re-employed again."

Normally they would have worked for 15 years more of their lives, but prolonged unemployment has destroyed their fibre. They are the hopeless wreckage of the Great Slump.

Can the rest be absorbed? Not by existing industry. The coal outlook is brighter; but a rationalisation and mechanisation, while making work more regular, tend to diminish the number of hands necessary.

Moreover, coal can never recover its pre-eminence. Various forms of fuel economic nationalism seem the main permanently reduced the demand for coal. A subsidy on coal exportation would only be justified if a European coal cartel were formed as a result.

So far as the big industries are concerned, the breakdown of tariffs and economic nationalism seems the main hope of recovery. It is these things which have contributed to the loss of markets for coal, tinplate and other products of South Wales. Their removal would go far to solve the problem of the 80,000.

And in this connection, the survey emphasises the fact that war-time expansion, currency manipulation and tariffs have benefited other areas at the expense of the export centres like South Wales.

It is pointed out that the flight of labour to England is a subsidy to English industry. The cost to the local ratepayers of educating a juvenile worker is £54.

If 5,000 such workers were transferred in a year, this represents a subsidy to English industry of £270,000 from the public funds of South Wales, not to mention the cost of maintenance before transfer.

Failing the revival of the great industries, what is the remedy? The survey does not recommend uneconomic planting of industry in South Wales. "State support, for purely sentimental reasons, given to industries which proved in the long run to be unsuccessful would be harmful rather than beneficial," it says.

But this does not mean that nothing can be done to bring new blood into the veins of South Wales. It is on this subject that the survey does its most invaluable work.

It catalogues the facilities of the whole area. It analyses the temper of labour, wage standards, and the efficiency of local services and of transport.

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It indicates which of the valleys are beyond redemption and which offer advantages that would appeal to modern industry. It names a score of secondary manufactures that could be brought in and shows the particular location where they could be most profitably established.

In short, it diagnoses the whole tragedy of South Wales and shows in the utmost detail how that tragedy can be alleviated and prosperity restored to an afflicted people.

I repeat that I hope Mr. Ernest Brown has read it or is reading it.

If so, he will realise the inadequacy of the plans he has put forward for redeeming the distressed areas, and will set himself to the task of rescuing South Wales from the Slough of Despond.

Politics And You . .

Money for Jam

THIS looks like being a lucky week for about 2,000,000 deserving people—small traders, dressmakers, ministers of religion, poultry-farmers, music teachers and the like—who for a long time have felt left out in the cold.

The Government has at last decided to give them the chance of sharing in the Widows', Orphans' and Old-Age Pension Acts on terms they will be foolish not to jump at. A Bill has been drafted.

At present these Acts cover manual workers (whatever their earnings) and clerical employees (with incomes up to £250)—18,000,000 persons altogether. But the little man "on his own," often making much less, is outside.

For a weekly contribution from wages, these Acts guarantee a widow a pension of 10s. a week, plus allowances for her dependent children (5s. first child, 3s. every other), or provides a husband and wife with a pension of a similar sum each at sixty-five.

This new Bill proposes that the same benefits should be given to any other man or woman who cares to join the scheme, provided they are not over fifty-five and their yearly income doesn't exceed £400 (if a man) or £250 (if a woman). The weekly rate of contribution is to be 1s. 3d. for a man and 6d. for a woman.

Two years' insurance (104 weeks) is to qualify for a widow's pension and, for a person of fifty-five, 260 contributions spread over 10 years is to qualify for an old-age pension till death, irrespective of other means. Really wonderful value for money!

Anywhere else the same would cost a man 15s. a week and a woman over 8s.

This offer, however, is only to remain open for a year. Those who join after won't be allowed to enter if they are over forty and will have to pay higher rates of contributions—varying from 1s. 3d. at twenty-one to 2s. 11d. at forty (men) and from 6d. at twenty-one to 11d. at forty (women).

The scheme has one glaring fault which is bound to raise a storm of protest from the womenfolk. That is that men getting £400 a year may participate while women getting £251 are barred.

Surely where public money is involved the State should hold the balance fairly between the sexes.

RALEIGH

—first and still the only manufacturer to fit

RUSTLESS, CHROMIUM PLATED SPOKES

throughout the entire range!

RALEIGH actually submit every spoke of every bicycle throughout their entire range to five separate treatments to ensure a rustless, untarnishable and gleaming finish. Expensive—yes; but it costs you no more. It is further evidence of the extra thoroughness and supreme quality of the Raleigh.

Methods of manufacture may seem to mean nothing to you—but actually the fact that the Raleigh is Individually Produced in the world's largest and best-equipped cycle factory means very definitely that it is better built, will give you greater cycling ease, and will last long after other bicycles are forgotten—not for nothing is the Raleigh guaranteed for Ever.

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Obtainable ONLY on a new Raleigh
Entirely self-contained — no loose wires — no detached switches — no earthing. The finest, most modern and most efficient type of Dyno Lighting yet evolved.

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Deferred Terms
5/- down and 12 equal monthly payments (from 9/7). Sturmey Archer 3 speed gear 2/- extra, monthly. Dunlop Tyres, Terry or Raleigh Everett Special Aero Saddles and the best of everything. Send for free copy of "The Jubilee Book of the Raleigh" and address of nearest dealer.

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THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

INDIVIDUALLY PRODUCED

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM (Depots and Agents Everywhere).

Fit the Sturmey Archer 3 speed gear—the gear that makes cycling easy

Wonder where it all comes from—

where it all goes!

RED AND AMBER GREEN

— gently does it!

MUSTN'T JOLT THE PASSENGERS!

Can I? I could—but I won't—

Safety first—safety first—safety first

that's it—safety first!

Gosh! What wouldn't I give for an ARDATH!

ARDATH

CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

10 for 6d — MILD and satisfying — 20 for 1/-

Into their homes goes the dramatic message, so important yet so often silenced with the words, "Oh, it can't possibly be for me." — (a G.P.O. film picture.)

HIDDEN DRAMAS OF THE B.B.C.

MOST of us who listen to SOS messages on the wireless regard them as something to be suffered patiently, a tedious but inevitable preliminary to the news.

"It can't possibly be for me," epitomises the general attitude to these broadcasts which usually signify some intense personal drama for one of England's 45,000,000 inhabitants.

But B.B.C. statistics show that, of the high number of successful SOS broadcasts, the majority of wanted people did not actually hear the appeal, but were advised of it by friends and neighbours who had been listening.

This being so, it would not be incorrect to consider the attention of *all* listeners to SOS messages in the light of a social duty which is up to every citizen.

The first SOS ever broadcast on the National transmitter was from the Birmingham station—5GB, as it was then called—one Sunday night in the spring of 1923, when a man lay dying in a London hospital.

His only relative was a man living in a tiny Bedfordshire village which, on Sundays, was not readily accessible; next door was a man who had built himself a crystal set and, while fiddling with the cat's whisker, he was startled to hear his neighbour asked to go at once to the hospital in London where his relative was lying dangerously ill.

Last year a record number of 1,120 SOS and police messages were broadcast. 53.75 per cent. of these messages were successful; throughout the year, however, the B.B.C. rejected over 6,000 applications for SOS broadcasts because the following essential questions could not be satisfactorily answered:

Full name of person it is desired to find.

How long ago and in what district was this person last heard of?

Have you tried all other means of tracing this person; for instance, through the Police or Post Office?

Full name of the patient.

Address at which the patient is lying dangerously ill.

What is the relationship between the person it is desired to find and the patient?

Is the patient asking to see the relative?

Name and address of the doctor attending the patient.

Are you a relative of the patient?

Your full name and address.

Several times a day the B.B.C. is faced with the task of handling tactfully the appeals from distracted people who, at a time of family crisis, wish to trace some missing relative.

The B.B.C. makes no charge for these broadcasts, which are handled by the News Department; all facts hastily confirmed, the messages are broadcast before or during the News Bulletin.

Appeals for accident witnesses are considered only when they come from Police headquarters; the B.B.C. will not broadcast an SOS after the death of the sick person, and messages for missing persons have been suspended since the whole point and value of the service was abused.

It reached a pitch, indeed, where so many SOS messages for missing persons were broadcast that the whole sense of urgency was destroyed.

The broadcast of SOS messages to people at sea is usually confined to those in fishing trawlers that are likely to remain at sea for long and indefinite periods. Sometimes the smaller of these vessels have no receiving apparatus, and another ship in the vicinity, having picked up the message, will hasten to the small vessel in which the wanted man is sailing.

In one recent instance an SOS was sent out for the skipper of a small fishing trawler in the North Sea. His wife had suddenly been taken dangerously ill; the little boat had no wireless apparatus, but the message was picked up by another vessel in the region.

All her fishing gear was out, but the news had to be conveyed, so all gear was dragged in again and the other boat was located after a brief search.

The news passed on to the skipper, he raced home to be at his wife's bedside a few hours before she died.

When, in a similar case, a deck-hand was informed of his wife's grave illness by the skipper of another ship that had received the message, he went aboard the other vessel and was hastened to the nearest port, over 200 miles away, to reach his sick wife.

Though hope had been abandoned, the joy of seeing her husband caused the woman to recover.

There was one case of a lighthouse keeper's wife who lay dying. Her husband was on duty, and a raging sea made it impossible for boats to put out from the shore, though conditions were not so bad for incoming craft.

How could the urgent news be conveyed? Someone remembered that the lighthouse keeper had a wireless, and there was just a chance that he would be listening to the news.

If he picked up the message he would probably attempt to navigate a small boat ashore. Fortunately, he heard the SOS, and was presently braving the terrible seas in a tiny vessel. Twenty minutes later he was by his wife's bedside.

The SOS has often proved successful in securing specially-needed medical aid for certain desperate cases.

Only recently there was the dramatic instance of a woman who had attended a Manchester hospital for an X-ray examination and inadvertently gave her address wrongly.

The hospital wished to trace her urgently because an operation was thought necessary. An SOS was broadcast and the patient was traced within three hours.

Not long ago, too, the life of a baby, suffering from an obscure Eastern disease in a Nice hospital, was saved by an SOS appeal for a rare anti-toxin that is only made in Bombay.

The broadcast was heard by a chemist's dispenser in Cannes. He dashed to his employer.

"We've got some of that stuff," he said, and, a few moments later, the precious medicine was being rushed to Nice in a fast car.

A broadcast once went out from the B.B.C. for an eminent doctor, believed to be at Oxford, to come to the aid of a victim of tetanus, who was lying dangerously ill in an East End hospital.

A Londoner, knowing the doctor and the places in Oxford where he was likely to be found, began telephoning the houses of several of the doctor's friends until he located him—at a party.

Packing some anti-tetanus sera, the doctor motored through the night to London, and, reaching the dying man's bedside at early morning, commenced a six-hour fight to save his life. . . . Unfortunately, the germ won.

Doctors' cars . . .! How often do we hear of drugs, infected swabs and test tubes of disease bacillus vanishing from them? Again the SOS comes to the rescue of the innocent in whose hands these things sometimes fall.

Readers may remember the outstanding instance of a chemist having inadvertently served a lady with the wrong kind of pills. The lady was a new customer, a stranger in the district; the pills were poisonous!

The B.B.C. flashed out a message. By a lucky chance the woman—the pill and a glass of water in her hand—was listening! And another tragedy was thus averted at the eleventh hour!

Clues, such as the number of a motor-car, may help to trace a wanted person. A man and his wife were motoring in Cornwall. The mother of one of them was dying. The car number was given in the SOS, and somebody in the village where the holiday-makers had put up for the night recognised the car. He called at the inn and informed the landlord, and within five minutes the car was speeding back to London.

In other SOS messages transmitted this year shepherds and farm workers in the Western Highlands of Scotland were requested to keep a sharp look-out for the Fleet Street aeroplane which had crashed on its way to Speke aerodrome, and an announcement from the B.B.C. that wolves had escaped from the Oxford Zoo led directly to their shooting or capture.

This recalls the rather quaint SOS that was broadcast some time ago on behalf of some spurge-hawk moth caterpillars, when specimens of these creatures arrived unexpectedly at the London Zoo.

George Nicholls, the storekeeper, hadn't any suitable food for them at the time; an appeal for some spurge leaves was broadcast from the B.B.C., and next morning several boxes arrived from listeners in the country.

Strict rules now govern the broadcast of SOS messages, because there have been such numerous and fantastic applications; last year an elderly lady asked the B.B.C. to broadcast an SOS for her lost parrot.

A girl whose dancing partner had failed to turn up telephoned the B.B.C. and made a frantic request for an SOS to be broadcast for another, while the loss of such articles as umbrellas and false teeth has prompted the losers to make similar applications to the B.B.C.!

If You Were King..

SUPPOSE that on the great day of May 12, 1937, *you* were the man crowned King! Suppose that *you* were the central figure in that glittering pageant, riding in the gilded Coronation coach through cheering crowds of onlookers. What would *your* feelings be?

A Fifeshire reader thought over this interesting problem when he saw amongst the *Examples* for our 1,063rd *Bullets* Contest the phrase, IF I WERE KING. "I felt that I would hate the responsibilities of kingship," he told JOHN BULL. "In fact, I would make such a bad ruler that my subjects would not shout 'Long Live the King' for long!"

A few minutes' consideration and this competitor, Mr. J. Clarke, The Whytehouse Hotel, Kirkcaldy, had completed his neat *Bullet* on the subject, IF I WERE KING—"LONG LIVE——" SHORTLIVED. His reward was £25 cash and a fine radio on which to listen-in to the Coronation.

Could *you* have made that *Bullet*? Of course you could. Can you make up a good one from one of those 36 interesting *Examples* on the *Bullets* page? Certainly you can. Such phrases as OUR CLIMATE, WHAT GOVERNMENT DOES and "GOD SAVE THE KING!" are simply crying out for some neat comment from your pen.

A £500 fortune, other big cheques, final Coronation Seats and an array of additional attractions are all awaiting good *Bullets* on this week's Golden Opportunity page—its number is 47.

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CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1937 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (entrance aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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WOOL SALE.—Knit, 1d. oz.; Rug, 9d. lb. Rug guide and samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. roll. Beautiful, inexpensive, delightful new book, 200 designs. Post Free.—Bruce & Hall, Dept. J.B., South Shields.

CORONATION Decorations, Garlands, Flags, Bunting, Cards, etc.—J.B. Dept., Bexley B... Catalogue No. ... Upper St., N.1.

WALLPAPERS ... and tradesmen ... — Oxford Mart, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

DANCE NOVELTIES & CORONATION LIST FREE.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, Dept. J.B., 2-8, MILE END RD., LONDON, E.1.

WALLPAPERS 1937. The famous Blakey Morris Pattern Book post free. Write Dept. J.B., Blake Morris, 55, London Rd., London, S.E.1.

CYCLES—RADIOS—PRAMS
WRITE for free catalogue (stating which required) of latest 1937 models. Supreme values, lowest prices and Britain's best Easy Terms.—Currys, Ltd., Dept. J.B. (Branches Everywhere), Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

FREE FURNISHING CATALOGUE. — Fill in the coupon on page 27 and send for a copy of the illustrated brochure and special Coronation portfolio which contains a large selection of Drages groups, all of which are obtainable on 30 Pay-Way terms, and which can be delivered to your home on first payment of from 5/6 upwards.

DON'T overlook the special offer on page 29. For two whole days you can test a Hoover, which will enable you, without hard work, to Spring-clean the whole house. No conditions—no payment—no obligation. This special offer is made to prove the efficiency of this modern cleaning method. Fill in the coupon.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Berkeley Superlux Chair advt. on page 33 for free illustrated catalogue of all models, together with complete range of coverings. 10/- with order secures luxurious model illustrated.

HER SMILE WON HIM
...BUT HER BREATH LOST HIM
MY! WHAT A GIRL! I'VE GOT TO MEET HER!
O.K. TOM, THAT'S HELEN WEST. EVERYBODY FALLS IN LOVE WITH HER AT FIRST SIGHT... BUT... OH, WELL, COME ON...
DID PRETTY WELL TONIGHT, DIDN'T YOU, HELEN? TOMMY BLAKE WAS VERY STRUCK!
HE IS NICE, ISN'T HE? AND HE SEEMED TO LIKE ME TOO—BUT—WELL, HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE
I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN... BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT; SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH... OH, WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST TOMORROW!
MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE... YES, I'LL SEE HIM
YES, MISS WEST, I'M AFRAID IT IS TRUE YOU SEE, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM... ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
ISN'T HELEN THE LOVELIEST BRIDE YOU'VE EVER SEEN?
SHE'S GORGEOUS! TOM'S CERTAINLY LUCKY!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause — the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel — makes teeth sparkle — gives new brilliance to your smile!

FREE FILMS. Post your films for developing and printing with Postal Order for 1/10 and receive a free CELLULOID FILM. This is a permanent offer. STEIN, CHRISP STREET, POPLAR, LONDON, E.14.

SUITS TO MEASURE, 21/-; worth 42/-. British Cloth. British-made. Perfectly cut.—Write for the free patterns and self-measure chart mentioned in the advt. of Messrs. H. Thomas & Co., top of page 2.

BABY-CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete Layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and handsome shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on approval (Cash or Terms).—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages. Write for Free List.—C. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

CYCLISTS! You can obtain a Dayton Cycle for 2/- wkly. Write for free catlg., mentioning *John Bull*, to Chas. Day Mfg. Co., Ltd., Dayton Works, Park Royal, London, N.W.10. See p. 43.

SMOKERS!—An interesting booklet showing shapes and range of City de Luxe Pipes will be sent free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Oppenheimer Pipes, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 38, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2. See p. 41.

GARDENING.

FREE!—48-page book full of information for gardeners (illus.). Hints and advice on better cultivation of flowers, fruit and vegetables. Send p.c. to LASCO, LTD. (Dept. 1), Liverpool.

GARDEN Bargains direct from the growers! Big saving. Whole collections for 2/6d. Don't miss this week's offers of Sharnbrook Nurseries, Ltd. See advt. on page 3.

POULTRY KEEPING.

MAKING POULTRY PAY. — Cash in on Poultry Profit by getting "The Feathered World" Year Book, 1937. All problems are dealt with in a practical, to-the-point manner. Over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. All you need do is to send 2/6 to "THE FEATHERED WORLD," Dept. J.B.2, 9, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, 6/9 monthly. Drums & Access., Trumpets, etc., 1d. p.c. brings wonderful 60-pp. cat. free. Easiest Terms.—J. B. Raymond, Co., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Sanity Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. NEW REDUCED PRICES. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Catalogues free. — Address: BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (52nd), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2; (52nd), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

HEADACHE or NEURALGIA is quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE. —CEPHOS LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

PILES?? FREE SAMPLE of a new remedy which ensures immediate relief will be sent to sufferers on application to Dept. P. J. B.9, 45, REGENT STREET, LOUGHBOROUGH.

FREE.—Write NOW for Sample and Booklet, ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, ULCERS, now successfully cured by "BOKOLAN," the new scientific treatment for skin disorders, 2/6, post free.—Perma (Chemists), 2, Love Lane, Pontefract.

FOOT COMFORT for all! If you suffer from painful corns or bunions read the advt. of Winsil Products in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 3. These splendid aids to foot comfort were invented by an expert chiropodist and are within everybody's pocket.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.25), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. V.1), 15, Thames House, London, S.W.1. See page 5.

SUFFERERS from backache and kidney trouble can obtain a valuable free booklet from Cystopurin, Dept. J.B.5, Genatosan, Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. See page 46.*

A FREE packet of Innerclean for constipation and irregularity of the system. Write, enclosing coupon on page 36, together with 2d. stamp, to Brooks & Warburton, Ltd., Dept. L., 232, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

FREE to indigestion sufferers! Try Bisodol! Send for a free Sample of powder or tablets, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bisodol, Ltd., Dept. 68E, Chenies St., London, W.C.1. See p. 40.

EVERY man and woman should get a free copy of a most helpful and informative booklet which is offered by the makers of Iron Jelloids. Learn how more iron will make you vigorously healthy and strong by filling in the coupon on page 41 for a copy of this new free booklet, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Iron Jelloid Co., Dept. J.5, Watford, Herts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, PIONEER SALES, 18, CHRISTCHURCH RD., WINCHESTER.

ENDOWMENT Policies Purchased outright. Also Shares, Mortgages, Expectations under Wills, etc. A. A. Lewis, 22, Tib Lane, Manchester.

CELEBRATE Imperial Festivities, or any occasion, with the delicious Wines of Australia—Britain's own Vineyard. Australian Wine has all the wonderful food value and stimulating tonic properties which make Wine the finest beverage the world provides. Better still, Australian Wines are much lower in price. You can obtain—as well as the Port Type—Hock, Claret, Burgundy, Sherry, etc. The Australian Wine Board, 33, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3, will gladly give any information.

FREE!—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.1, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead, for free booklet containing selection of excellent recipes. See page 31.

FREE. Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 5, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. in stamps for postage. See advt. on p. 34.

FREE.—Souvenir Coronation Medals are offered by the makers of Rowntree's Cocoa. Send a p.c. (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.E.31, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Coronation Gift Booklet and free voucher towards your medal. See page 28.

FREE.—Fennings' "Every Mother's Book."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. See p. 31.

FREE! Woman readers can obtain a de-luxe Beauty Outfit, containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 2222), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. See p. 40.

GET full particulars of Alfred Briton's offer of home physical culture, which is explained in his book, "Muscular Strength and Development," offered free to *John Bull* readers on page 43 by filling in the coupon in the announcement. Turn to page 43 and send the coupon.

FREE. 25 solid silver tankards. These exceptionally useful gifts are being awarded by the makers of Bulmer's Cyder to *John Bull* readers in a simple competition, details of which appear on page 18. Turn to it now and send in your entry at once.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Flitex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

PERSONAL.

WILL E. BRIONALL communicate with R. LIDSTER, BUILDER, HEREFORD?

FAIR PLAY *for the* Fishermen!

By HANNEN SWAFFER

The fisherman's lot is hard enough, even when he gets fair treatment, like these. But there are hundreds whose lives are sheer misery

I GET many poignant letters in my post, but one of the most moving I have received for some time reached me from Grimsby only the other day.

It bore the heading "Slaves of the Sea," and was not only signed with the name and address in full, but ended with the words, "Please publish my full name and address."

In spite of this, I will conceal the identity of my informant. I must protect him against himself. He would be black-listed for the rest of his life, were his name printed.

"I am a seventeen-year-old fisherlad," said the letter. "I have just arrived in from sea on a trawler. It is about time there was a stop to the way we fishermen are treated. I am no good in making a story, but please publish this for me in every paper you can.

"At the age of fourteen years I went in a trawler to Bear Island. I had heard many rumours about the hard life, of fishermen sleeping among rats and bugs, no lavatories. . . .

"Since then I have seen men working on deck for 48 hours and more, decks piled with fish, blowing and freezing. I have seen men falling on deck with the cold and lack of sleep.

"In a certain trawler I was in last Christmas Eve—we were fishing off Iceland; it was terrible weather—the crew had been working on deck for thirty-six hours without a rest. I took the skipper a pot of tea on the bridge.

"'Take the brats a dram of rum to keep them alive,' he said.

"Why do these ships get lost? Lack of sleep! They are away three or four weeks. Come-in day, they have got to land the fish, and then, after only being in dock 24 hours, they go away to sea again."

And what is the pay for this lifelong drudgery?

"A deckhand and a trimmer get £2 a week," explained the boy, "and if they do not land their fish, they get 12s. 6d. stopped out of their £2!

"If you miss your ship, you are fined and spragged. Many trawler owners won't look at you after that.

"*The food is often not fit for pigs to eat. Everything possible is done to save money for trawler owners.* Some of them do not care whether we get lost or not.

"We want someone to step forward and protect our men from the cruel way they are suffering. It is cruel to send a dog to sea in such louse-bound rat traps. That's all some of these trawlers are. God protect them all!"

Now, here was a youth prepared to risk being black-listed for ever so that he could put the case for his fellow workers!

Mind you, this is your affair. You may belong to one of those working-class families which often enjoys a fried-fish supper. Why, if such miserable wages are paid to the people who catch the fish, is it that—not because their earnings have gone up to a decent level, but because of the profits of the many middlemen—fish and potatoes are so dear that a family supper which used to cost 6d. now costs no less than 10½d.?

At least 60 per cent. of the fish caught off the British Isles goes to the industrial areas, where the fried-fish shops have an annual turnover of no less than £8,000,000!

The system is so unfair that at Grimsby, Hull, Aberdeen and the other big fishing ports the quayside price of fish averages less than 2d. a pound. Yet the price charged in big London shops ranges from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 8d. a pound.

Not only the fishermen have to share this twopence, but the owners, the shareholders—indeed, the entire fishing industry. If they could share in the middleman's boodle, all might be well with them.

For years now Government enquiries have been held into the plight of the British fishing industry. Deputations have been received by the score.

Expert evidence has been asked for, and given, and there have been compiled columns and columns of statistics showing the decline in men, the decline in boats and the general paralysis of the trade. But nothing has been *done*.

Cornwall is in a terrible plight. Unless the Government acts soon, the final collapse of the Cornish fishing industry is bound to happen. Then, not only the fishermen will suffer, but the railways, the harbours, the merchants, thousands and thousands of people.

Everywhere you go in the fishing industry you find a scandal.

Indeed, even Lord Runciman, the ninety-year-old shipowner—yes, and the father of the President of the Board of Trade himself—suggested, a few months ago, that all the fishermen of the country should go on strike for a week as a protest against the Government's failure to deal with the dangerous harbours on the coast.

"The Government is spending millions of pounds on roads," said Lord Runciman. "What about the fishermen and sailors in small vessels? Shouldn't they have protection?"

The dangers of life on trawlers was dramatically illustrated last January, when sixteen fishermen were lost in two days. Yes, sixteen British fishermen drowned in one week-end.

Most of the 70,000 men engaged in sea fishing around our islands are little more than slaves. Very few are paid regular wages. The shares to which they are entitled are not paid until the end of the season. Until that is over, their wives and families have to eke out a wretched existence on "advances" which range from 10s. to 26s. a week.

After one enquiry made in 1930, it was stated that of the 9,415 British fishing boats then on the register, only 3,540 could be described as first-class vessels. More than that number, in fact, were still navigated by sails and oars, just as they were 2,000 years ago!

In 1914 the Brixham owners possessed 193 smacks valued at £100,000. By 1920, this fleet had become only 86 vessels valued at £58,000, and in 1930, largely because of losses due to war wrecks in the fishing grounds between the Eddystone and the Start, there were only 58 smacks valued at £40,000.

One wreck, the *Rotorua*, a New Zealand meat carrier which was sunk in 28 fathoms by the Germans during the war, was responsible for the loss of thousands of pounds' worth of gear. Yet the owners received not one penny by way of compensation.

Years passed, but nothing was done about it. A once-thriving industry was headed straight for bankruptcy.

A friend who visited the fishing ports on the East Coast a short time ago was confronted with stories of hardship at every corner and in every street. The crews of some drifters were so scantily rewarded for their labours that, pitiful as was the plight of the unemployed drawing the "dole," they were better off than men who went down to the sea to fish!

I got this week a letter from a man at Fraserburgh, Aberdeen.

"Being out of a job," he wrote, "I accepted a berth as a share fisherman on a sailing drifter, for the Yarmouth season. As it was not a success my share of the debt amounted to £3 15s. for eight weeks."

Yes, he had to pay £3 15s. for eight weeks' work! That was his share of the great food industry without which you and I could not live a day.

"Dreaming of better luck," he goes on, "I re-engaged for the winter voyage to Stornoway. After we had toiled for nine weeks, we again landed in debt. My share of this was £5 10s.

"Think of it! After working for 17 weeks—and it was no picnic—I had to pay £9 5s. for being allowed to do so. I had also lost my right to unemployment benefit because I had become a joint adventurer."

Now this man, too, signs his name and address. He makes no secret of it.

Some years ago, when I was in Denmark, which was not then run by a Socialist Government, I was told that the fishing industry was to be nationalised.

"Why?" I said. "You are not a Socialist country."

"I do not see what it has to do with Socialism," said the Conservative editor who was my informant. "It has been proved to us that individual fishermen cannot afford to lose their nets. The Government can. And the country wants the food. If we own the fish, it can be sold to the public cheaper."

And that seems to me the logic of it all.

The messing about with unseaworthy boats, which certain owners cannot afford to replace, the low wages based on quayside prices and not what the public pay, the losses of gear by small owners who cannot replenish it—all that is old-fashioned, ludicrous, mediæval.

The cry of thousands of the bravest people in the land goes up. Will no one listen?

THE HUMAN MACHINE

SPRING'S in the air—so let's all go gay. Let's clear out the dust and the dirt from other places besides our houses and our clothes. Let's give a good spring-cleaning to something few of us ever think about—our minds.

We've all got lots of rubbish hidden away inside us. We've all got lots of corners that could do with polishing. We've all got lots of chipped and broken things that could do with mending. Let's get them out and look them over.

Take a look at all the prejudices you've been cherishing for years. Get them all out from their hiding places and take a look at them in the bright Spring sunshine.

Point of view is everything. Something stored away in an attic, covered with dust and cobwebs and only seen through the eyes of the mind as it appeared to you years ago, will look quite different if it is brought down and dusted and cleaned and put up alongside some of the modern things with which you have gradually surrounded yourself!

And we all have plenty of ideas and thoughts and notions that we would unhesitatingly throw on to the scrapheap if we would only have the pluck to drag them out into the light of day and put them up against some of the newer ideas by which we work and live all day long.

We owe it to ourselves to do it. For, unlike objects in an attic, stale thoughts in our mental cupboards do not just lie quiet.

They obstinately remain active, guiding—or distorting—our other thoughts and actions.

There is no healthier mental exercise than to sit down, if it is only once a year, and marshal our ideas and viewpoints for spring-cleaning parade.

Those we don't like, those which are out of date, those which are hindering our progress, we should unhesitatingly throw away for good and all. It's a hard job, but it repays every second spent on it.

Greatest value ever!

THE NEW LEVER'S

EASY SHAVING STICK

The *new* Easy Shaving Stick is increased in size and better than ever, yet still only 6d. Easy's improved lather—now *double*-creamy—makes shaving even quicker and easier than before, tones up the skin and leaves it feeling fine. See that the new oval Easy Shaving Stick goes on the next shopping list!

WELL OVER 100 SHAVES FOR **6d.**

GET AN EASY TO-DAY!

E 262-172-55 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

WHEN *Spring* CALLS FOR VITALITY *and finds you Winter-weakened....*

take Phosferine

This is the time of year, when you feel run down and 'out of sorts' because of the heavy toll which winter has taken on your system, your nerves are exhausted, your vitality is low.

This is just when you will get most rapid benefit from PHOSFERINE

Bear in mind that PHOSFERINE is that Greatest of All Tonics, of which every ingredient is openly declared, and each of these is a recognised specific of the highest tonic and medicinal value. In combination these ingredients supply at once to your nerve system the vitality it needs which, owing to overstrain or other causes, it cannot extract from your ordinary food. PHOSFERINE not only feeds the nerves but strengthens them to fend for themselves.

Remember even if you are "*fairly well*" Phosferine enables you to fare better

PHOSFERINE

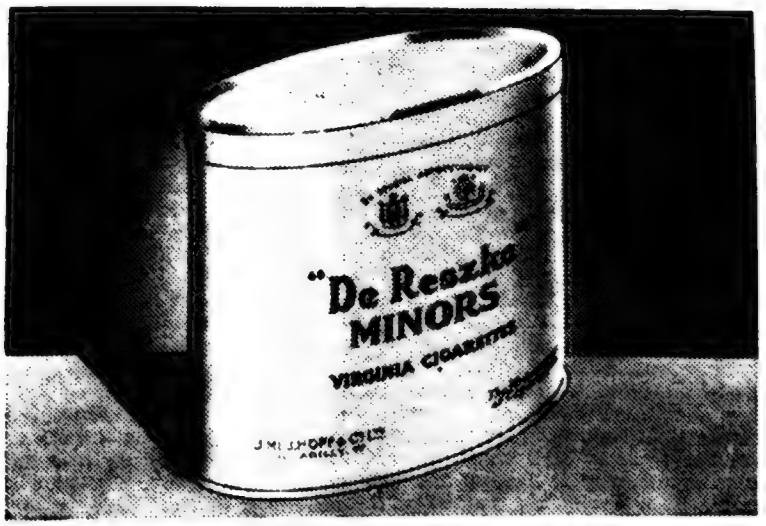
BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for DEPRESSION HEADACHE INDIGESTION
for BRAIN-FAG NEURALGIA SLEEPLESSNESS
for INFLUENZA RHEUMATISM SCIATICA
for ANÆMIA DEBILITY NEURASTHENIA

All Chemists sell Phosferine—most of them recommend it.
In TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.
The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.
WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Its beauty is more than tin deep...



THE "Minor tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin takes the strain."
And what a worthy mission in life, to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

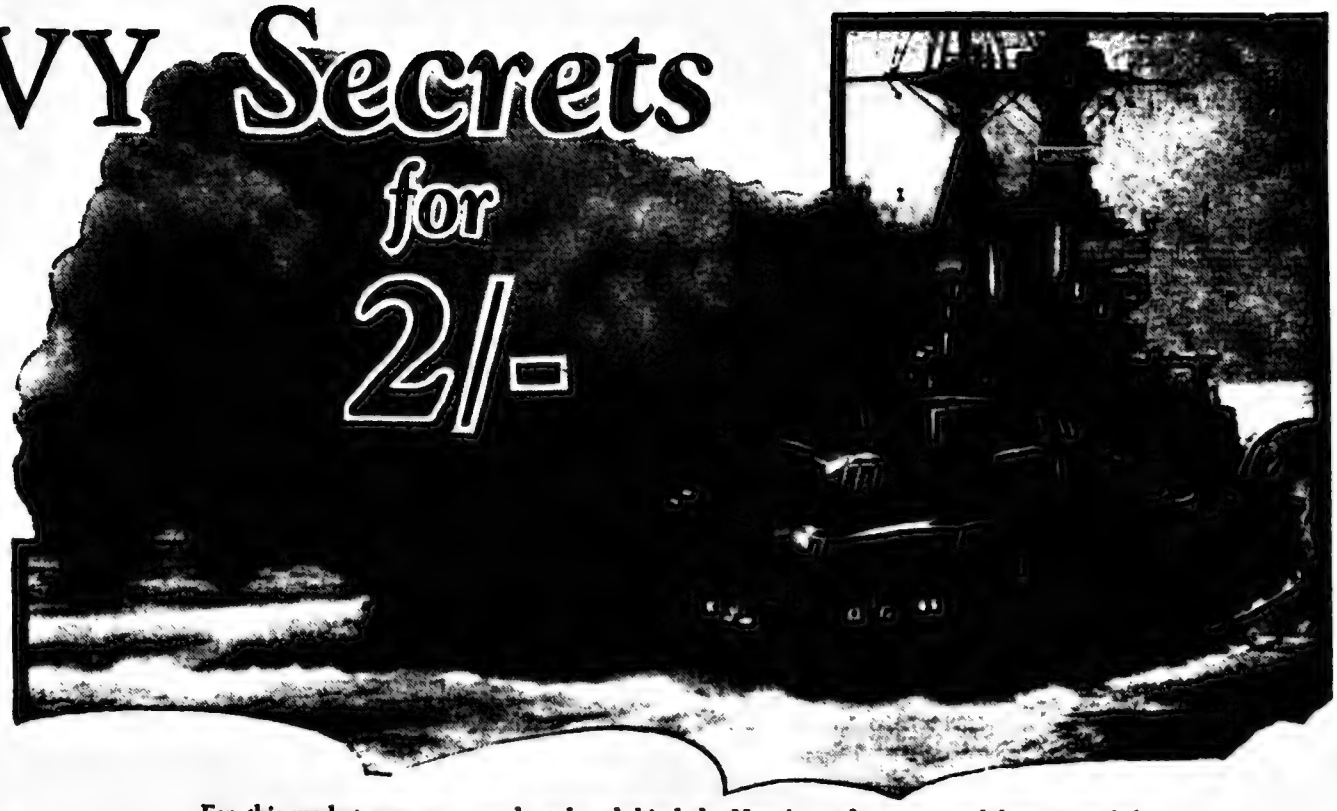
★

The price is 1/- for 30. Give them a trial straight away. They're at all tobacconists.

Ask for a tin of thirty De Reszke Minors

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

NAVY Secrets for 2/-



For this modest sum you can be taken behind the Navy's smoke-screen and have revealed to you what one would imagine to be jealously guarded secrets

FOREIGN Admiralties, and their naval attachés in London, have had a busy time lately keeping track of the interesting and significant bits of information which our authorities have been disclosing in odd corners of Blue Books and White Papers about the strengthening and rearming of the British Navy.

Only people who are closely concerned with naval matters would be likely to spot these scraps of news, but it is perhaps as well that the British public should be shown some of the things that are causing a good deal of hard thinking abroad.

For example, it is rather startling for any nation which believes it has the whip-hand of us in air-power and can do what it likes with our battle fleet by launching bombers against it, to learn that our reconstructed battleships—old in date of first launching, but new since they have been through dockyard hands—can put up a barrage of high-explosive shells at the rate of something like 6,500 shells a minute.

Where does one discover that very interesting fact? In a solemn and seemingly deadly dull Blue Book called the Return of Fleets.

One of the hundreds of columns of statistics therein contains the bare statement that the battleship *Warspite* now carries "twenty-six smaller guns."

It seems a footling little point, perhaps, until you know, as the naval student does, that those "smaller guns" are the modern anti-aircraft pom-poms of a type which have been put into the ship during her reconstruction as an addition to her armament.

This gun is supposed to be very secret. No description of it has ever appeared in our papers. But the foreign naval attachés are in possession of the catalogue of a big armament firm, issued a year or two back, in which there was offered for sale a new anti-aircraft gun that could fire 200 rounds of 2-lb. high-explosive shell a minute, and they have also seen the descriptions and photographs of the new Swedish A.A. gun, from which it is claimed that 250 rounds a minute can be fired.

They can put two and two together and arrive at the conclusion that any hostile aircraft approaching the *Warspite* would encounter such a barrage of high-explosive as no airman has ever yet had to face.

Nor is the *Warspite* singular in the possession of this armament. Her sister ship the *Malaya* has twenty-two of these guns, so have the *Resolution* and the *Ramillies*, while the *Royal Sovereign* has twenty-one, the *Royal Oak* twenty and the *Revenge* eighteen of them.

When the reconstruction of the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Valiant* is completed, all our battleships will carry such a battery of anti-aircraft weapons that the dive-bombers and torpedo-droppers who seek to swoop down at them and annihilate them will have to pass through a terrific curtain of fire before they can get anywhere near their objective.

And that kind of attack must be carried out at close quarters. It is different from level bombing from a height of ten thousand or fourteen thousand feet.

Against this kind of distant attack the British battleships to-day are also far more heavily armed than ever before. The Return of Fleets again discloses the facts. The *Royal Oak*, *Malaya* and *Warspite* have been given double the number of 4-inch high-angle anti-aircraft guns that they formerly carried. And it is a fair assumption that as the others are rebuilt, they, too, will be similarly equipped.

Another secret of considerable interest that has just been disclosed is that we are giving up the torpedo as a weapon in big ships. The torpedo-tubes have been removed from the *Malaya* and from the cruisers *Cumberland* and *Suffolk*. Naval tacticians have long been doubtful about the value of the torpedo in anything but small torpedo craft.

The big ship, under modern conditions, never gets near enough to an enemy to use it.

Gun range is now possibly 30,000 yards, and the shell will travel that distance in thirty seconds. But the torpedo is much slower. It would take nearly twenty-five minutes to cover the distance and in that time the target would probably be in quite a different place from that at which the torpedo-officer who fired at it had calculated.

So our naval constructors can use the weight and space saved by giving up torpedoes in big ships for other purposes.

We shall probably find when the five new battleships which are now building are completed that they have no torpedo tubes.

The development of anti-aircraft guns has brought into existence an entirely new type of warship, and the First Lord of the Admiralty said publicly in the House of Commons the other day that we were developing this type as fast as we can.

It may be called a floating anti-aircraft battery. It carries no guns that cannot be used against aircraft. We experimented first with two old cruisers, the *Curlew* and the *Coventry*. We fitted them with ten 4-inch high-angle long-range guns and eleven of the pom-poms.

Trials with them were evidently successful, for a few weeks ago the Admiralty allowed it to be known that five more cruisers, too old to be of much use against the powerful cruisers built abroad in recent years, were also to be transformed into anti-aircraft ships.

Then the First Lord said in the debate on the Navy Estimates that we were going to do the same thing with a number of old destroyers, ships that at one time we were going to scrap, but for which a further spell of usefulness has been found.

It was left to the Return of Fleets, however, to make known the most interesting of all of these developments. We have three "escort vessels" building about which no details had been made public until the Return came out.

And there, hidden away among the mass of figures about the fleets of the world, we find it recorded that these three ships will also mount nothing but anti-aircraft guns, six of them being of the long-range type and five smaller for close-range barrages.

What purpose will these anti-aircraft ships serve?

A double one. Some will be attached to the Fleet, no doubt, to increase the curtain of fire surrounding it when hostile aircraft appear. But the bulk of them will be used to defend our food supplies in merchant ships as they come up the Channel or pass through other narrow waters. That is why they are called escort ships.

For the Navy will still have to convoy merchant ships in war time. The Royal Air Force experts have long ago admitted that aerial convoy, though it can help, cannot do all the work.

To take one simple point: aircraft cannot convoy after sunset except perhaps on a clear moonlight night. They would lose touch with the ships moving without lights in the darkness below them.

Another interesting point is that aircraft move too fast to be used for convoying. It has been worked out that six flying-boats, moving at 120 miles an hour, would have flown nearly 6,000 miles round and round the convoy, while the merchant ships had only advanced 60 miles on their way to port.

So the Navy has had to devise a new type of convoying vessel and has produced it in the escort ship and the anti-aircraft ship. We are the first to have vessels of this kind, but other Powers are certain to follow the example just as they did with our building of the Dreadnought and of the battle-cruisers.

What other secrets have the naval attachés learned from us lately?

That our new destroyers are to carry a most formidable armament. Hitherto, we have been content with four 4.7-inch guns in ships of this type. So were most of the other Powers, though Italy did experiment once with twice the number.

Now we have gone up to eight guns, and in addition have fitted five anti-aircraft pom-poms. There are eighteen vessels of that powerful type building for us already.

Twenty-four more destroyers are to be laid down this year, and although no details are yet known about their armament, it would be safe to assume that we shall not slip back.

Altogether the last few weeks have given the foreign Admiralties quite a lot to think about.

It is a rather interesting commentary on international relations that although the principal Naval Powers agreed at the last London Naval Conference that they would exchange information about their programmes, no details of any foreign ships as interesting as those about the British appear anywhere in the Return of Fleets.

Just A— **Us Three** *—Human Story*

A COSTERMONGER went the other day into a North London branch of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.

"Can you save us three?" he pleaded.

For years, it appeared, he had earned a meagre living toiling round the streets for ten hours a day with a donkey barrow. He hadn't been able to give the donkey much in the way of a stable or food of any special degree of choiceness, but it had been the best he could do.

Anyhow, that shaggy old animal had at least fared as well as the costermonger and his missus. Together, very much dependent on each other for living and comfort, they made "us three."

Well, "us three" were in real difficulties for once.

Shaggy old Ned was ill in his stable. Might, in fact, be dying. The barrow had to be pushed round every day by hand, and that meant very little food for the two human members of the partnership if the donkey were to be properly treated.

To appeal to the authorities for help would probably mean a £5 fine for keeping an animal in the wrong surroundings, and the confiscation and destruction of Ned. Wrong surroundings, indeed! Why, Ned's eyes would have told them he was glad to be alive.

"Don't try and catch me out," pleaded the costermonger. "Us three wants help."

After that, a dispensary official went to investigate. He found the animal too sick to be left alone, so he made himself up a bedding of old sacks in the ricketty donkey-cart.

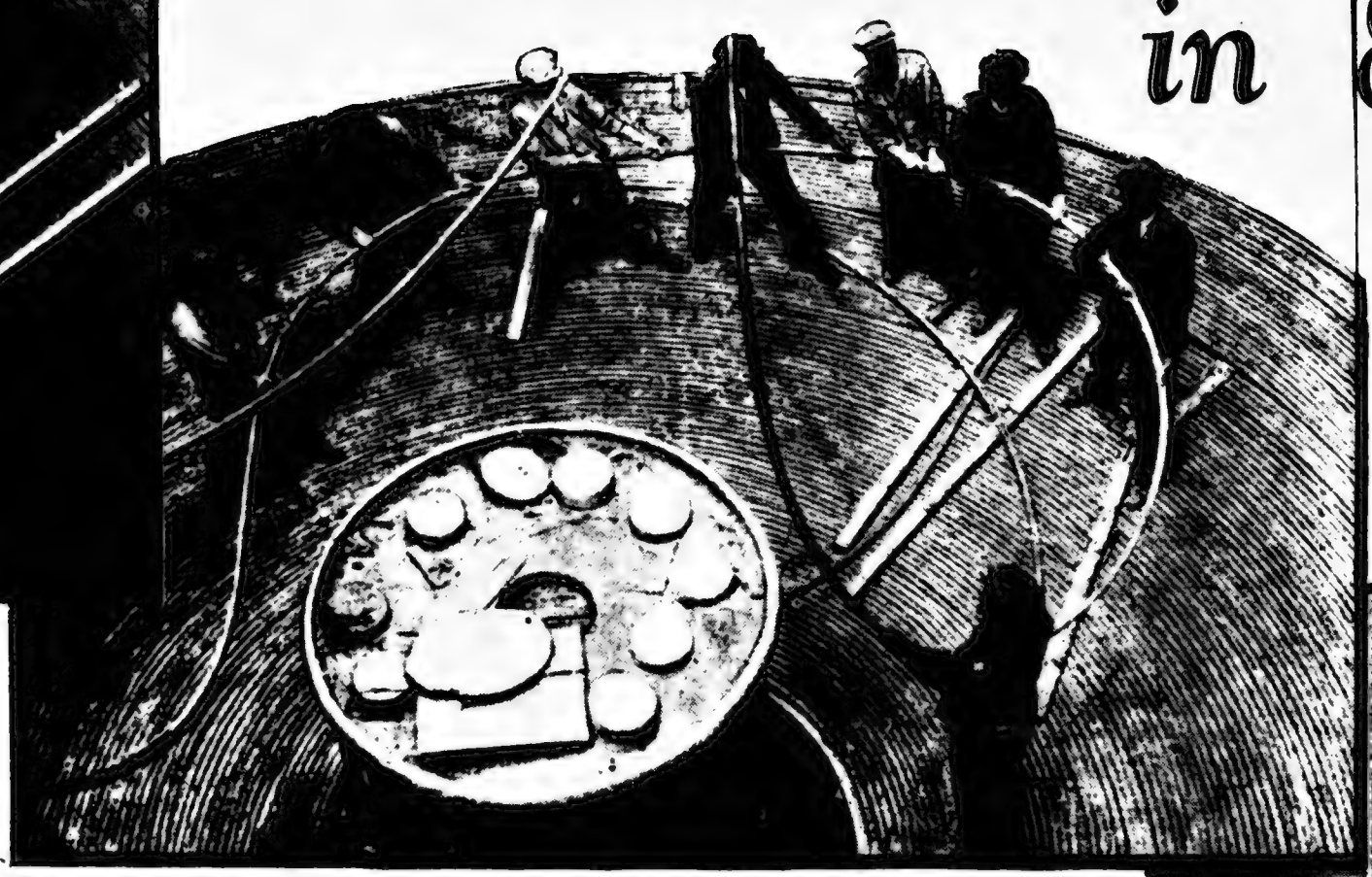
Ned was pulled through by the skin of his teeth, as the saying goes. He let out a hee-haw that startled the neighbourhood when they put him between the shafts again.

And now he is working like his old self once more. Ma has all the housekeeping money she wants to maintain the meagre comfort with which she is satisfied. Dad whistles again at his work. Ned doesn't ask a darn thing more of life.

And it was left to the costermonger to express the gratitude of all three.

"Us three thanks you," he said, twiddling his cap.

ROUND the in



Preparing to lay miles of cable that will enable people in Britain to exchange messages with people at the other end of the world in a few seconds—an achievement which, prophesied 100 years ago, was scorned. On the right is a crew after carrying out repairs to a broken cable beneath the sea

PRECISELY at midday a black-coated man in Shorter's Court, London, transmits a cable message to his Wall Street, New York, opposite number.

They do business together, these two money manipulators, in what the City calls arbitarge, which means handling bills and stocks to snatch the advantage of prices in foreign markets.

It is a business that could exist only where the nervous system of the world can communicate the word at lightning speed and with mechanical accuracy.

Precisely, then, at midday this message begins a journey that will take it along the six-mile deep bed of the Atlantic for over 2,000 miles.

At 12 o'clock, plus 15 seconds, that message has been received.

In under a single minute the man in Shorter's Court, London, has his reply from the man in Wall Street, New York.

He has taken a hand in a miracle of science, has that business man, but he has done so without batting an eyelid.

Well, how many of us do bat an eyelid when we use the communications of the Empire or its product—the instantaneously transmitted word?

Just the same, behind this marvel of our everyday life, there is the romance of a century of discovery, invention, high hopes and dark despairs, of hard, slogging work and so to ultimate victory.

No other invention in this century has done so much to transform the modern world as the telegraph, whose hundredth birthday falls this year.

For if the electric telegraph is the father of the submarine cable, it is as assuredly the grandfather of the wireless.

The curtain rises on the romance of the telegraph on a certain morning in May in the year 1837. The scene is the Physics Laboratory of King's College, London.

Two men are standing there before much electrical gear. One is tall, whiskered and academic in bearing. Meet him: Professor—later Sir—Charles Wheatstone, Professor of Physics in King's College.

The other is square-built and soldierly in bearing, a few years younger than the other man. He is William Fothergill Cooke, later Sir William, ex-soldier, ex-medical student and enthusiast for the electric telegraph.

Both these men had been working along more or less parallel lines. When Cooke, then studying medicine at Heidelberg, decided to abandon that career and master the problem of electrical signal transmission, he returned to England.

He heard of Wheatstone, met him, revealed what he had done, and received in exchange the secrets of the Professor's own experiments.

At that moment, then, when these two men shook hands and swore to stick together until they had triumphed, was born the central idea of electrical signalling which has transformed the modern world.

The story of the telegraph begins with the signing of that partnership.

The baby was duly baptised when a patent was issued to the two inventors on June 12 in that year. A month later—on July 25—the first telegraphic message was flashed over a length of copper wire.

That first message was sent from Euston Square to Camden Town. Few believed that the inventors would succeed and then, when they did, fewer still took the slightest interest in the affair.

Here, it is interesting to note, is a striking parallel. The same indifference has marked every great forward stride in science, not only in this but in every period of progress.

Britain's—indeed, the world's—first telegraph, had only been operating for a few weeks when the railway company giving it its trial decided to dispense with it.

But Cooke, who was the dynamic member of the partnership, would not rest. Day and night he pressed for trials, and in the end persuaded the directors of the Great Western Railway to run a line from Paddington to West Drayton. This line, 13 miles long, was also a success.

One after another the other railway companies adopted the newfangled thing (being somewhat newfangled themselves, they were probably open-minded).

Ten years after the erection of the first telegraph wires England had 1,250 miles of line.

So far, most of the work of the telegraph had been for railway running purposes, but in 1849 arrangements were made between the Postmaster-General and the different railway companies for the transmission of telegraphic messages, and thus the telegram was born.

With a five-shilling minimum, twenty words cost 1d. per mile for the first fifty miles, 1½d. for the second fifty, and then ½d. per mile.

The charge for telegraphs was kept a bit higher than railway fares, to prevent people using the telegraph in place of the railway train!

Inevitably the question arose: Could telegraph wires be run under the sea?

A Select Committee of the House of Commons sat to go into this matter. Before it appeared Sir Charles Wheatstone. He had to confess that he had never tried the experiment, but that he was willing to bet on it.

The first experiment in submarine cable transmission followed soon after. It took place in Swansea Bay and was a success.

The next step was the laying of a cable between Dover and Calais. It was a giant task and most people regarded it, frankly, as ridiculous.

But once more the intrepid scientists succeeded. A cable, the first ever delivered, was handed to the French Emperor.

Alas! within a few hours the cable broke upon the sea bed. The messages ceased. Then a queer thing happened. There arose a hue-and-cry charging the inventors with having faked the first messages and claiming that the whole thing was a hoax.

Furious at this charge against their integrity, Cooke and Wheatstone got together all the witnesses of their success, and very soon rebutted the false allegations.

But this experiment had revealed certain difficulties, and one of them was the problem of insulation.

Many experiments were made. For example, Colonel Posley laid a cable between two points of the Thames and tried tarred rope and pitched yarn. India rubber was tried, but with no better luck. Then came Dr.

WORLD 80 SECONDS!

"Good-bye for eight years"—the skipper of the cable ship "Lady Dennison-Plender," begins a "long-term" voyage of cable-laying and inspection

When, in 1837, the two founders of Telegraphy sent their first message over a measured mile, the public gasped.

Now, in 1937, the Telegraph seals 100 years of triumph by flashing messages round the world in just over a minute!

Montgomery with a new substance? gutta percha. It was tried and found to solve the problem.

The dawn of the era of deep-sea cable laying had arrived. Fifteen years after the first land success, F. S. Gisborne applied for a concession to connect St. Johns, Newfoundland, with Cape Ray.

He laid forty miles of sea cable and was then held up for lack of funds. He came to London and launched the Atlantic Telegraph Co.

There was tremendous excitement and all England was divided into two camps: those who said the Old and New Worlds would be linked by cable and those who said the thing was impossible.

Among those who scouted the idea was the Astronomer Royal!

Before a cable was successfully laid and operated between Europe and America, three attempts had been made and a vast fortune had been swallowed up.

On the first attempt, when H.M.S. *Agamemnon* was laid on her beam-ends in a terrific storm, the cable snapped in Mid-Atlantic. With it sank for ever from view the £100,000 that had been invested in the enterprise.

The second attempt, however, succeeded and the first cabled message was that which was transmitted from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan of the U.S.A.

But this success was short-lived. The cable, worked on a very high potential, burnt out.

So, after all, the cable business seemed to be a wash-out. But, such is the persistence of all men of one idea, that yet a third attempt was made.

At that time there lay in the Thames the wonder ship of the world, a ship which carried, or *had* in her day, more passengers than the *Normandie* carries to-day. Her name was the *Great Eastern*, and she was converted into a cable ship. When her work was done the first permanently successful trans-atlantic cable was successfully operating.

At the outset the average number of messages sent was 29 a day.

To-day, around 52,000 messages per day pass under the ocean bed!

A modern Atlantic cable can handle 6,000,000 words a year.

Messages are transmitted at incredible speed — 200 words per minute, from land to land. Cable engineers predict that in the near future it will be possible to flash beneath the sea bed 9,000 words per minute!

Such a prophecy might seem ridiculous, save for what has already been achieved. For example, not long since from Electra House, a message was passed by Cable and Wireless, via the Imperial route, from London to Cape Town and back *in one and three-quarter seconds.*

This staggering speed has been made possible by the perfecting of the regenerator, an instrument that enables several sections of a cable to be worked simultaneously over long distances without retransmission.

The first deep-sea cable had a single transmitting core of copper, through which passed the electrical impulse. A modern cable has as many as twelve. To-day, a deep-sea cable costs £275 a mile.

The central conductor of this intricate nerve of commerce and communications is a fine copper wire. It is coated with insulating material, over which is laid a layer of jute yarn, product of Bengal and of a Dundee factory. And this, in turn, is covered by a spiral of steel wires, encased in pitch-coated jute yarn.

Rather a complex thing, then, this cable that makes our Empire a single unit of never-ceasing information.

The problem of maintenance, obviously, is no side-issue for the great operating company.

Seven cable ships, equipped with last-word gear, patrol the Seven Seas incessantly. They lay new cables; they repair those already laid.

How, it is often asked, can the modern cable ship pick up out of the vast expanse of ocean the severed ends of the broken cable that lie buried deep in the silt and slime of the ocean bed?

Come into this large electrical workshop where the walls are a mass of intricate gadgets, for here is the answer to our question.

This is a land cable station, and these men who rummage among their mysteries are land cable engineers.

A cable has gone dead, and that can mean only one thing—a break upon the ocean floor.

In war a sudden silence might imply a second contingency—cessation of transmission—in peace it means but one. The cable lies in two halves upon the ocean floor.

Problem: To indicate to the master of the appropriate Cable Patrol ship the whereabouts of the two ends so that he can get busy and grapple them up and make them good again.

How is it done? Impossible as the task may seem at first thought, it is actually one which the engineers can solve off-hand, as it were. It is as simple as A B C to these wizards of the harnessed lightning.

Every cable, these quiet-voiced cable men will explain, has a resistance, and that resistance is known to them. Take it, for the sake of argument, as being two ohms to the mile. Right.

A cable has gone dead. The engineers at once apply the testing apparatus. What's her resistance? is the question they want answered.

Ah! The dial swings over. Not two ohms, but a cool thousand.

This is a sum that anyone can do in his head, and it goes something like this: Two ohms to the mile, therefore a 1,000 means a fault 500 miles from where I sit.

Then out through the ether goes the call. One nerve has temporarily broken down: but there is always this auxiliary nervous system that pulses day and night, without cessation, through the empty mystery of the eternal ether.

Doing an easy twelve knots, the cable ship *Lady Dennison-Plender* picks up the message. She is to steer a course which will bring her to a certain latitude and longitude.

There she will potter about and get out her great grapnels and fish a bit until she brings up a sea serpent of copper and jute and yarn.

In the old days, when seamen put to sea they thought little of a four-year voyage. Nowadays, the longest voyage lasts but a few short weeks.

With one exception; the voyages of the seven cable ships which form what one may call the Cable Patrol.

A few weeks ago one of these ships left the Thames from London, her home port.

She will see her home port again in 1945. For hers is an eight-year voyage, mending cables, laying cables, doing the hundred and one jobs required by her busy, floating electrical industry.

Here are facts and figures. We have half the total mileage of submarine cable in the world—165,000 nautical miles.

Nearly 200 cable and wireless foreign stations, and 127,000 miles of cable and wireless routes.

Ten thousand people employed.

Such, in a few words, is the story of a century of telegraphy. To-day the network of visible and invisible, of tangible and intangible nerves that stream out over the body of the Empire, provides us with a means of communication of tremendous service in peace, but of utter vital importance in war.

When the Imperial Conference meets one week after the King drives crowned from Westminster, it will discuss, among other problems, Imperial communications.

And as each delegate makes his speech, the editors of Empire newspapers will be following—and following only a few sentences behind.

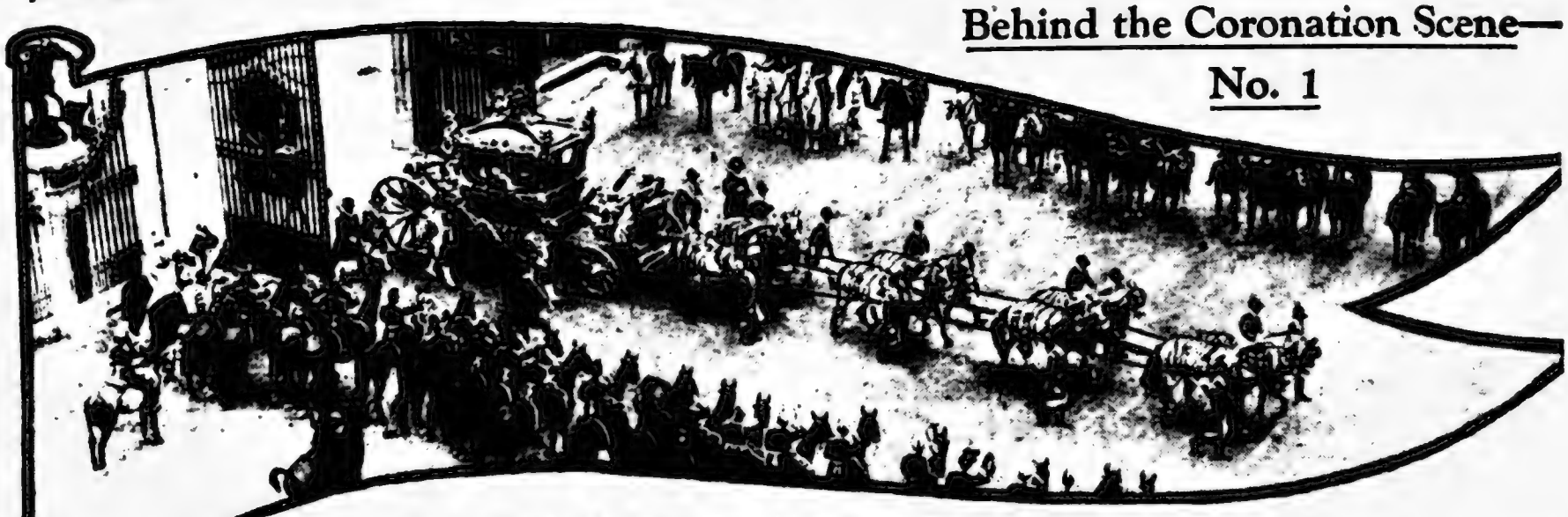
For when a message can flash between London and Cape Town in a couple of seconds, circling the globe in eighty more seems just nothing at all.

And while thinking of that miracle, look back for a moment and remember the day, one hundred years ago, when the two pioneers thrilled the world with their first transmission over a measured mile.

Remembering their early struggles, when they faced ridicule and worse from a sceptical public, let us accord them every honour now in the centenary of their triumph.

Behind the Coronation Scene—

No. 1



The royal coach at the Palace gates in the last Coronation

For Millions a New Wonder, for The King . .

His Third Coronation

THE day was August 9, 1902. The place, Britain's church of churches, Westminster Abbey. The occasion, the crowning of Edward VII as King.

It was too tremendous a moment in history for anybody in that glittering assembly of the famous to take any heed of a six-years-old boy whose nose just showed over a barrier of crimson, embossed with gold, as he stood on tip-toe to watch events.

To the chroniclers, he was merely a member of "a charming and interesting group formed by the children of the Prince of Wales." They were silent as to his behaviour, so we cannot guess what he was thinking.

His Aunt Louise remembered that he was the least fidgety of the lot, and with the exception of his sister, Mary, by far the most impressed by the mighty solemnity of it all. That is the only hint his father and mother ever got as to how Albert had comported himself.

May 6, 1911 . . . and another Coronation.

This time Albert rose head and shoulders above the crimson and gold barrier of the Royal Box. He was nine years older, had the perky pride of a naval cadet, wore a stiff, standing collar with the proper tie of a grown-up, putting to shame the younger brothers who were still undergoing the humiliation of Eton collars, adorned with ready-made black bows held to the collar-stud by loops of elastic.

But it was not for these reasons that he had risen from his comparative obscurity of the last Coronation ceremony.

Events had brought him much nearer to the throne.

He saw his own father clothed in the royal robe and kneeling before the altar to receive the symbol of regal power. He saw the Archbishop stoop towards that kneeling figure, the crown of St. Edward in his hands, and on his lips the prayer to God:

"As thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with Thine abundant grace and crown him with all princely virtues."

And there was his elder brother, no longer one of a festive group of children, Prince of Wales, now. Heir to the Throne. The first to kneel before his royal father and repeat the ancient oath of allegiance:

"I, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live or die, against all manner of folks. So help me God!"

Of that brother, an observer wrote: "He stood in the midst of that great assembly a young, slight figure, with round, boyish face emerging from the heavy purple mantle of the Knights of the Garter, a plumed cap on his head, evidently very shy, but with a certain sort of youthful dignity."

There was no question what the youngsters in the Royal Box were engrossed in.

They were engrossed in this, their eldest brother, whom they had never seen before in his new and overwhelmingly impressive garb.

Indeed, the present Duke of Kent leaned so far out from the box that if his Aunt Maud, who sat in the row behind him, had not seized him by the seat of his trousers in time, he would have crashed among the royal gold plate laid out on the floor beneath.

All the youngsters were at least important enough to be watched and studied now.

And, watching, one saw that Albert was still the least fidgety, still the most impressed. His face was a barometer to the solemnity of the occasion. It was set, immovable, enigmatic.

And why that sternness?

It must have been because he, more than any other youngster in the Royal Box, had inherited from his mother and father that strict adherence to tradition of which the beautiful Coronation ceremony is both the symbol and the essence.

It could not have been that he foresaw a day when he himself would be the centrepiece of such a ceremony.

Well, on May 12 that day will have dawned. The little boy who once stuck a nose over the gold and crimson barrier will have stepped down to the middle of the Coronation theatre.

At the chiming of eleven on that morning, Albert Frederick Arthur George will emerge from the stately portals of Buckingham Palace to be crowned King George VI, and his wife, Elizabeth Angela Marguerite, to become another Queen Elizabeth.

They will step into the antique coach of George III, the eight grey horses specially selected and trained for the task will tauten the traces, and the long ceremonial of the Coronation will have begun.

Five million people will watch that coach. Some will have come thousands of miles from distant corners of the earth to catch a fleeting view of it and its occupants. Others will have paid up to a hundred pounds for a seat.

Millions will have bought temporary accommodation of a square foot of London at the cost of an all-night vigil. Who knows that those loyal, devoted souls will not have paid dearest?

But whatever they have paid, whatever discomforts they have endured, if they catch but a glimpse of the two bowing figures seated in that jolting, swaying coach of gold and glass, they will count themselves as well rewarded.

It will go slowly, not merely to keep pace with the footmen and other officials who will walk on either side, but because this ancient and over-elaborate conveyance could hardly go much faster.

And if it could, it wouldn't be fair to the royal occupants seeing that this must surely be one of the most uncomfortable conveyances in the world.

Even if it is drawn with supreme care it sways in a manner that occasions distinct discomfort to those seated in it. And unless the traces are kept consistently taut both jerkiness and bounce are added to its other horrors.

Grey horses will draw it for the first time. Every day since mid-January they have been drawing a limber-like vehicle of similar weight and size so that they can do the best possible with those traces.

But no one who respects tradition like the new King would think of changes in that four tons of gilt and over-rich

(*Continued on page 28*)

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—you must know how to get the most good out of food

"That's why I always get Rowntree's Cocoa,"

says Mrs. JONES, of Parkgate, Rotherham.

MRS. JONES' BUDGET	
Rent	8 6
Coal, Gas, etc.	5 6
Life Insurance	2 0
Clothes Club	5 0
Sundries	3 0
Food	1 5 0
Household Soaps, etc.	1 0
Husband's Expenses, Fares, etc.	7 6
	£2 17 6

"I'M better off than lots of women," says Mrs. Jones. "But still I can never allow more than 25/- or so for food. That's not much for five. To keep us all strong and healthy, I've got to see that every meal we have does us the greatest possible good. Rowntree's Cocoa helps a lot here. I've noticed that all our food seems to do us more good when we drink Rowntree's regularly. I don't know why this is — I've never struck another cocoa that did it.

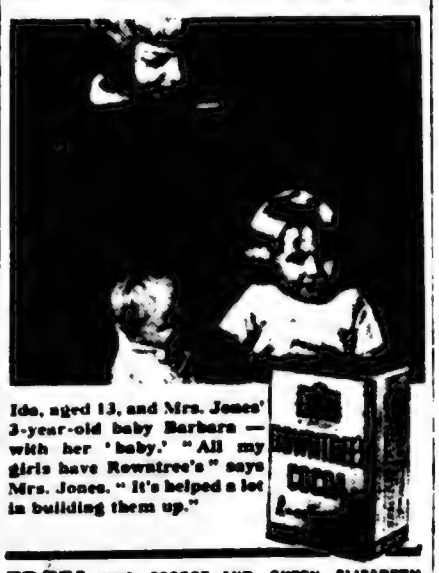
"Another thing about Rowntree's Cocoa is that it's more digestible than other kinds. Little Barbara has had it ever since she was 3 months old and she's never had any trouble with her tummy."

* * * JB

That's sound sense, Mrs. Jones! When you've got to watch the pennies, every bit of extra nourishment from meals makes a difference. And Rowntree's *does* help a lot. The reason is simple enough.

A special predigestion process (used only by Rowntrees) makes it more digestible than other kinds. It's so digestible, it actually helps digest everything you eat with it — as no other cocoa can. Even milk is made 3 times as digestible.

This means you get more good from everything you eat. Every penny you spend on food goes further. That's why Rowntree's Cocoa is such a blessing to mothers managing on small incomes. Ask for some next time you're buying cocoa.



Ida, aged 13, and Mrs. Jones' 3-year-old baby Barbara — with her 'baby.' "All my girls have Rowntree's" says Mrs. Jones. "It's helped a lot in building them up."

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Continuing—Behind the Coronation Scene

WHEN *a* BISHOP DROPPED *the* CROWN

The famous greys being trained, with a dummy load, to pull steadily so that the coach will not rock

carvings which some monarchs have looked upon as a wicked waste of £7,000 its cost when it was built in 1771.

He knows that one of the features of the Coronation people expect to see is that monument on wheels, ornamented with paintings by Cipriani, made to look more faded in contrast with the red morocco slings on which the coach swings, and topped by three little gilt boys, representing England, Ireland and Scotland respectively, that solemnly pose on top!

There was a danger, after the death of King George V, that the Empire would be given a shortened Coronation route. Practical minds were working out a route that would have confined the monarch's ordeal to the shortest distance between two points. That change, which millions would have resented and even hated, has been averted.

And so King George and Queen Elizabeth will set out along a six and a half miles processional route.

How utterly transformed London will look to them, with heads blotting out the masonry, where decorations have not done so already.

All except one grey pile that will eventually loom ahead of them. Westminster Abbey! The Minster of the West.

Greyed outside by centuries of British fog and honest soot of a workaday London, cluttered inside by memorials to immortals, there is no church in Christendom so solemly impressive, so alive with undying dead—Chaucer and Spenser, Newton and Darwin, Edward the Confessor and Richard Plantagenet.

From within its portals will come the shout of "God Save the King" as the Royal pair step from the glass-and-gold coach and enter by the west door.

The small boy who once watched a Coronation on tip-toe will enter for his own Coronation.

It was at this point in the fateful crowning of George III that a mishap occurred which foreshadowed, if it did not make, history.

As His Majesty entered the Abbey the largest diamond in his crown, as if by a signal dropped from its setting and crashed to the floor. An omen. In such a superstitious age, a very real omen.

Wrote a versifier of the day:—

When first, portentous, it was known
Great George had jostled from his crown
The brightest diamond there,
The omen mongers, one and all
Foretold some mischief must befall,
Some loss beyond compare.

It was not long after, and during that King's reign, that we lost America. The omen mongers felt satisfied.

But the only ominous thing about King George VI's entrance will be the silence which will pervade the gathering as the Queen's ladies form round her and her procession prepares to precede that of the King to the Coronation theatre, a raised platform erected for the occasion in front of the altar.

Will the new King's eyes turn to the right, to the Royal Box—still standing behind a barrier of crimson, embossed with gold—over which other little royal folk will have difficulty in craning their necks?

There, waiting for his procession to move forward, he will stand in his gorgeous raiment, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. Supporting him on every side, the great figures of Church and State. Upon his head, soon, will be placed the crown of his ancestors.

Listening, he will hear the 21-gun salute echo and re-echo through the Abbey's Gothic arches and vaulted ceilings. His procession will move forward. There will be no confusion. It will all have been rehearsed over and over again. The great officers of State will fall automatically into their traditional places.

First the Lord Great Chamberlain, walking alone. Then, two by two, the High Constable of Ireland and the High Constable of Scotland, the Lord High Steward of Ireland, and the Great Steward of Scotland.

Then, three by three, the Earl Marshal of England, the bearer of the sword of State, the Lord High Constable of England, the bearers of the sceptre with the dove, the orb, the crown itself, the bearers of the paten, the chalice and the Bible, and then the King himself.

Those titles make history.

Once, the Lord High Steward ruled as viceroy between the accession of a King and his crowning. Now his office is created solely for Coronation. He has only Coronation duties to perform.

Once the great Simon de Montfort, founder of the present form of Parliamentary government, was Lord High Steward.

Lord Great Chamberlain. . . . Once he was required to guard the King's person the night before he was crowned. His fees were forty yards of crimson velvet, the bed in which the King slept while he was guarding him, together with the bedroom furniture, the bedding and the nightgown.

Most of these radiantly attired officials have been shorn of their old powers. But they have not been shorn of their gorgeous raiment. Together with the prelates in their rich Coronation robes, they make a setting fit for any king.

And now, with the procession under way, the trumpets will sound.

In front of the altar the King will find the Archbishop of Canterbury, the man who will crown him, waiting to perform a duty that has fallen to none but Archbishops for many centuries.

One was so weak that he let the crown slip. A nimble Bishop of Salisbury saved it from crashing on the grey stones that make the Abbey floor. Another was so ill that he had to permit a deputy to raise the crown.

Another aged prelate took to his bed in an exhausted state after the Coronation service and never rose from it again.

At seventy-two Cosmo Gordon Lang is well able to fulfil this most important of all State duties. Even the oldest and feeblest Archbishops of Canterbury have clung jealously to their traditional right to crown their king.

One Archbishop couldn't attend to crown Mary Tudor because that strong-minded young woman had thrown him into the Tower.

Another certainly did refuse to carry out his duty. Into the face of William the Conqueror he flung the words: "I refuse to crown one who is an invader, one covered with the blood of men."

Our first Coronations were held by the Druids in forest clearings.

A war shield was laid on the ground, and the new king stood on it. Chieftains seized it at four points and raised the monarch high above their heads. And in that moment the vast forest cathedral was rent by the mighty shout from the assembled multitude: "God Save the King."

Their gods were the gods who were worshipped centuries before Thor and Woden. Yet the gods were invoked to save the King!

On May 12 the new King will not be raised on a shield into the full view of his people.

But the Archbishop of Canterbury will go with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal to the east, south, west and north corners of the Coronation theatre in that order.

With King George standing beside the Archbishop, the following question will be asked in a loud voice from all four cardinal points:—

"Sirs! I here present unto you King George VI, the undoubted King of this realm: wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

There has never been but one answer to that question. The nobles in the Abbey have never failed to shout:—

"God Save the King!"

They won't fail this time.

The man who was once a spectator among them, a spectator who found it harder to see what was going on than they, a slim, youngish, keen-looking man, will receive the same mighty shout that once frightened the birds in the forest glades and has for centuries reverberated through the Abbey:—

"God Save the King!"

Next week's instalment takes you round the greatest treasure house in the world—for that is what Westminster Abbey will become during the Coronation—and will tell of the mystery of the missing half of the biggest diamond in the Regalia.

For staining floors & renovating furniture give me VARNENE

With 'Varnene' oil varnish stain you will obtain a far more hard-wearing, high-gloss finish to doors and furniture. 'Varnene' will not chip and resists scratching.

From Grocers, Oilmen, Ironmongers, etc.
In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.

Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

V.CD.39

Ban Hard Rubbing Get Dazzling Wash

BRITISH WOMEN TAKE UP NEW WASHING METHODS

2-Minute Boiling; 12-Minute Soaking

IT is estimated that hundreds of thousands of women are already using the new, scientific Rinso methods on washday. These amazing methods, recently discovered at the vast Rinso Laboratories, have completely revolutionised the work of washing clothes.

Yet they are so simple that a mere child could follow them accurately and get good results! They have reduced boiling time to 2 minutes. And they have completely cut out all scrubbing and hard rubbing.

1. **THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL.** A boil of 2 minutes only for clothes that most women have usually boiled for about 30 minutes. The dry clothes are put straight into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. They're brought to the boil slowly, just as usual. But then they're boiled for only 2 minutes. Just 2 minutes . . . less time than it takes to boil an egg!
2. **THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK.** A soak of 12 minutes only, in lukewarm Rinso suds, for the things that women hitherto have soaked for long periods and then had to rub clean. The dry clothes are put into hand-hot Rinso suds. After 12 minutes' soaking, they are rinsed and hung to dry. That's absolutely all!

SAVE WORK, TIME, MONEY

The reason Rinso can do this, can get your clothes beautifully clean so quickly, is that it is swift and pure.

Rinso comes in the form of a fine, quick-lathering powder. When this powder touches the water it starts to form into thick suds. These suds swiftly but gently trap the dirt that's in the clothes. They don't need any help from you. They don't need any help from bar soaps, flakes, or from any other washing powder. These suds keep the dirt suspended in the water and held away from the fabric, so that it doesn't settle back on again, and clothes are perfectly clean and bright.

That's why you don't have to spend hours rubbing your clothes when you use Rinso. That's why you don't have to soak your clothes before you boil them. That's why you don't have to boil your clothes for half an hour or more. Instead, you can do your boiling in 2 minutes, your soaking in 12. You can save time and work. You can save money on fuel! Yet you'll get a more dazzling clothesline than ever before! And you'll get it out to dry more quickly than ever before, too!

Get a packet of Rinso next washday (only 3½d., 6d., or 10d. a packet) and try it the new, scientific way.

BETRAYED BY THEIR HANDS!

"NOT only people's character but even their jobs are betrayed through the lines and texture of their hands," said a famous palmist yesterday. If you want to keep your hands fine and smooth . . . if you don't want them to look like "Monday hands" . . . do your washing with a safe product like Rinso. Rinso gets clothes brilliantly white and clean in a safe, natural way. No mixing is necessary and no mistakes occur because there are no destructive chemicals in it.

Don't be misled about "extra" whiteness. For safe washing avoid using products with a strong bleaching or whitening action. Rinso is so safe it won't harm fast colours, fabrics or your hands.

Fuel Wastage Stopped

The newly-discovered method for boiling clothes — the Rinso 2-minute boil — means a saving of about 20 minutes' fuel every washday!

The dry clothes are put straight into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. They're brought to the boil slowly, as usual. But then they're boiled for just 2 minutes! Yet the clothes come out absolutely dazzling!

Public Ban on Hard Rubbing

It was learned yesterday that thousands of women are joining the "ban hard rubbing" ranks. These women are trying out the Rinso 12-minute soak method.

All the clothes that don't need boiling go straight into lukewarm Rinso suds, and are allowed to soak for 12 minutes. No hard rubbing is necessary, because the clothes come up as bright as new! As for the woollens and fine things — they are simply washed through quickly in lukewarm Rinso suds.

RINSO DOES YOUR WHOLE WASH ALONE AND UNAIDED

R2354-364 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

YOUR LAST CHANCE FOR ONE OF THE 5,000 HOOVERS LENT *Free* FOR SPRING CLEANING

THIS Advertisement means exactly what it says—5,000 Hoovers are to be lent free **FOR TWO DAYS** spring cleaning—there are no conditions, no payments and you place yourself under NO obligation. So long as you have electricity in your home the Hoover will be just as much yours as if you had bought it. It will be lent to you with a complete set of the famous Hoover cleaning tools, so that without hard work you will be able to spring clean the whole house from floor to ceiling. Even if you have another make of cleaner we still invite you to take advantage of this offer because probably the cleaner you have does not beat.

WE DELIVER—WE COLLECT

Don't disarrange those Rooms! Don't take up those Carpets!

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to fill in the coupon below with your name and address, put a cross on the calendar when you want the machine, fill in the number of bedrooms in your house (so we can arrange for you to have the most suitable machine) and post the coupon.

Post the Coupon NOW and make sure of your HOOVER.

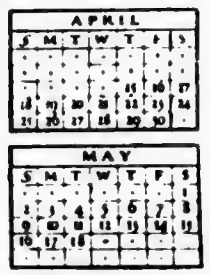
Remember — It Beats . . . as it Sweeps . . . as it Cleans

The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

★ COUPON ★

TO HOOVER LTD., DEPT. X.5, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Please arrange for me to have a Hoover for two days. I would like it on the dates crossed on the calendar. It is understood that this places me under no obligation whatever.



NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

No. of Bedrooms..... Voltage .....

N.B. Please allow us at least six days to make the necessary arrangements.

how they grow on...

Sturdy children are reared on milk. Your own health and strength first came from milk. How sensible, then, to go on drinking this food of foods! Milk is the food of youthfulness, of cheerful smiles, of rosy cheeks, of life at its best. Men who win championships are helped by milk. Girls who have lovely skins depend on milk. People who feel well, sleep well, keep well, drink lots of milk. The vital vitamins to ward away infection, everything you need for brain and blood and body, Nature has put into milk. Drink the milk on which you grew!

Don't forget that **CREAM** *contains health-building goodness in a delicious form.*

ISSUED BY THE
MILK MARKETING BOARD

PIN-Table MONEY

It Amounts to £10,000,000 a Year In Pennies!

There goes another penny towards the annual £10,000,000 takings—this one in a topical "football" machine

TEN MILLION POUNDS is a lot of money. When reduced to pence it appears as a fantastic figure, calculated to make any hospital gasp. "Are there really so many coppers to spare?" And the answer is: Yes, about two and a half thousand million; for that is a rough estimate of the amount which goes into the slots of amusement machines every year in Great Britain.

The full story of the "pin-table" craze has never been told, and it never will be told, for the simple reason that no one knows it. There are no statistics available, and even the Board of Trade and H.M. Customs have no idea of the number of machines which have been imported.

They enter this country—gambling machines, pin-tables, cranes, and fruit machines alike—under the heading of "sports goods"; legal or illegal, their duty is the same, 25 per cent.

◉◉◉ The idea began in America as a profitable form of the simple but fascinating game "Corinthian Bagatelle." The pin-table craze soon swept through the United States, and huge factories sprang up to cater for the demand; machines were designed to represent every topical event, and were developed from the humble board with its few pins and holes into complicated affairs with springs, electric lights, bells, turn-tables and relays.

The craze filtered across the Atlantic and swept through Britain. Five years ago there was scarcely a pin-table in the country: to-day there are thousands.

At first sight that figure of £10,000,000 looks very much like a fortune for a fortunate few, but on looking into it the reverse is the case; it means very hard work and often little profit. There are three sides to the business, and they are represented by the importer, the man who runs the machines, and the person who puts in the pennies; and the latter, strange though it may seem, is in as good a position as any.

A penny gives you a good penny-worth of amusement, whether your score is good or bad, and if it happens to be good you may even win a threepenny packet of cigarettes.

In those two points lie two of the many snags with which the second person, the "operator," has to contend. "It's all very well for people to think there is a fortune in this business," as one man, the owner of a medium-sized saloon, remarked. "Maybe you can show me where it is? See that fellow over there? Well, he has had forty packets of cigarettes since lunch, and he certainly hasn't spent 4s. getting them. The table he's playing on cost me £15.

"In a few weeks it will be like all those others—out of date."

Many people call pin-tables a gamble. They are—from start to finish—and the players are often the smallest losers.

Three years ago, when the craze was still in its first wild stage, one man outlayed his entire capital of thirty odd pounds on three good, second-hand machines. He placed these, on a fifty-fifty basis, in three cafés. To-day he owns sixty machines, and they earn him a net income of £20 per week. Good money, you say. It is, indeed, but it is by no means easy money. We asked him how he earned it.

"From nine o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night," he said, "I am at the beck and call of any one of the sixty men who give my machines floor space. And that includes Sundays. I am on the very best of terms with all those people, because that's vitally important, but I cannot say 'All right, I'll be round in the morning.'

"The moment a machine goes wrong I've got to drive round and fix it. People tell me I'm lucky to have a car. Maybe I am, but I couldn't do without it, and let me tell you I very rarely get a chance to use it for pleasure."

◉◉◉ Taken all round, however, the man who farms out his machines is in a better position than most, for landlords and agents, imagining the business to be a gold-mine, are out for all they can get, and it is not until after the saloon is opened, and the capital outlayed, that the owner can tell whether or not he is on a winner.

All kinds of fraud are tried on in the saloons, and the very sharpest watch is necessary to maintain the profits. In the early days of pin-tables the coin slots were different on nearly every machine, because as fast as one type was developed, and thought to be fraud-proof, new tricks were discovered for cheating it; and the news soon gets round!

For instance, when the electric cranes first appeared, usually operated from a wall plug and a switch, people found that by turning the switch off and on, and tilting the crane, the grab could be manœuvred with great profit, and many a crane was emptied in this way in an evening.

Now they are bolted down, and there is no switch! Cranes are the rage at the moment, and they are likely to be for some time, because they are still popular in America, and this country follows the States by several months, benefiting by the mass production and the experience.

"You pay twopence (or a penny) to see it work. All gifts are complimentary"—so says a notice on the cranes—a guileless reminder to doubtful authorities that the machine is not a gamble, and to you, in case you feel hurt when you miss a cigarette-case by a few inches and receive a few coloured sweets.

◉◉◉ And at first people did work them for fun, being content with an occasional cake of soap or a cheap fountain-pen. Now, however, you will find "complimentary gifts" to the value of several pounds nestling among the sweets. And the following observations by an experienced player upon cranes is illuminating.

"It's no use wasting money in a place where they put in junk. I don't mind spending a couple of pounds when I know I can get something back on a decent watch."

That man, one of many, does little else in his spare time than "work the cranes." He knows in a second whether an object is "in play." And the proprietors know the worst the moment he comes in.

But they don't mind, for the valuable "complimentary gifts" are paid for by those who are satisfied to "see it work," and who spend odd pennies.

In America, always ahead, the authorities have seen the real gold-mine in the business. They are taxing the machines. Maybe they will do the same over here one day; probably when the craze has passed. But meanwhile it is a £10,000,000 craze—and still growing rapidly.

Honor

"The Greatest of These"

HONOR'S mother is in a sad way, as she has, as it were, fallen between three stools.

Her husband, an ex-Service man, who recently died penniless, was unable to obtain employment for the last four or five years, and, as he had been unable to pay National Health Insurance, she cannot claim the Widows' and Orphans' pension. Then, as she was married after the war, she is not eligible for a pension from the Ministry of Pensions. Again, as her two children, aged twelve and ten, were not born in Jersey, where she lives, she cannot obtain Parish Relief.

Honor's mother, therefore, has to depend on her own earnings for the support of herself and her two little girls.

Getting work in the winter is, however, a difficult proposition. Consequently, her rent is in arrears, and bills for food are mounting up.

Honor's mother deserves a better fate than this, as she is hard working, honest and reliable, and has always done her best for her children under very difficult circumstances.

Honor's mother will be deeply grateful for any donations our readers are kind enough to send ear-marked "Honor," which, as in the case of donations for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

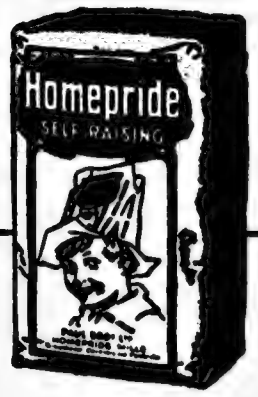
abracadabra!

Here's a trick worth knowing:—turning dull meals into jolly ones! How's it done? Just put a bottle of Pan Yan on the table. Then watch mealtime grumbles change like magic into mealtime smiles! Is it the flavour that does it? Yes—but it's also Pan Yan's way of stimulating the digestive organs.

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

HOMEPRIDE

to make you proud of your cooking



How pleasant cooking becomes when all "guesswork" is eliminated! When cakes rise to a feather lightness. When pastry has that delicious melt-in-the-mouth quality. And how easy to produce such good things when you use Homepride. Every particle of Homepride is sifted through pure, super fine silk. The raising element is perfectly and evenly blended. You'll find even old, favourite recipes coming out better with Homepride.

FREE!

A CATHERINE IVES COOKERY BOOK

For a dozen empty 1-lb. bags or equivalent, we will send you a Cookery book containing 174 recipes. Meanwhile send for the free booklet containing a selection of recipes from the big book. Dept. J1, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead.

HOMEPRIDE

self-raising flour

If you want temporary relief, take your potions and purgatives. But to keep regular for all time, eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily. Serve with milk or cream. No cooking necessary. Within the body the soft "bulk" of ALL-BRAN gently exercises intestinal muscles, and *sponges out* the system. ALL-BRAN is rich in Vitamin B and iron, valuable tonic elements to tone up your system. All grocers sell it.

Kellogg's **ALL-BRAN**

The Natural Laxative Food

530

AERO stimulates the enzyme flow

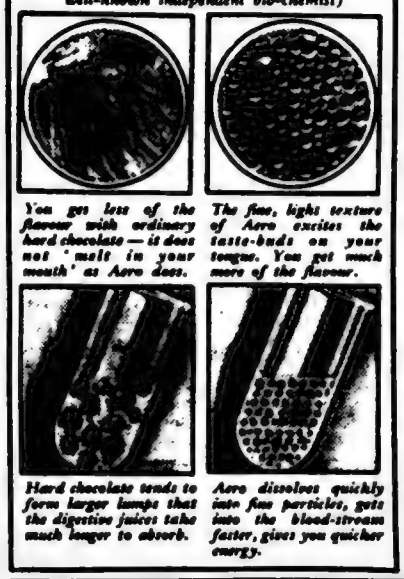
OVER the ice you skim — sweeping and spinning — and sometimes falling! Your whole body tingles — you feel joyously, grandly alive! Then quite suddenly your energy has all burnt up—you're 'beat.' That's just the moment to get a quick 'lift' with AERO.

AERO is the entirely new kind of milk chocolate that gives you fresh, new energy as fast as you need it. See how AERO has a light, crisp 'honeycomb' texture. This texture excites the enzyme flow — stimulates your digestive juices. AERO melts in your mouth — digests rapidly — gets right into your blood-stream to give you the fine, new energy you need.

AERO has a delicious, subtle new flavour, too. Try AERO today, and give yourself the treat of a lifetime. And when next you are feeling down, remember there's a quick 'lift' with AERO!

SCIENCE PHOTOGRAPHS AERO FLAVOUR!

(Facts and photographs vouched for by well-known independent bio-chemist)



You get less of the flavour with ordinary hard chocolate — it does not 'melt in your mouth' as Aero does.

The fine, light texture of Aero excites the taste-buds on your tongue. You get much more of the flavour.

Hard chocolate tends to form larger lumps that the digestive juices take much longer to absorb.

Aero dissolves quickly into fine particles, gets into the blood-stream faster, gives you quicker energy.

LOOK AT THE TEXTURE!

Patent applied for

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Best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

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Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.
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ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

Let your nails shine . . .

but never your nose

It's so easy to keep free from shiny nose if you use Snowfire Powder-Cream. It gives your skin a fascinating 'matt' finish that lasts for hours no matter how hot you become. And what an economy it is to use! There are becoming Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades to choose from.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire POWDER-CREAM

CONTAINERS 3d JARS or TUBES 6d

Sorry not in I.F.S.

The BRIGHT way to lovely floors

Lovely floors are so easily obtained by the use of Mansion Polish. Its quick and lasting brilliance is saving time and trouble for millions of housewives. They also prefer it because it ensures such a fresh, clean, germ-free surface. And it's

So Quick! So Easy! So Economical!

MANSION POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM.

Tins 3d., 6d., and larger sizes.

MP.DA.37.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 146,023, Mr. H. Laurence, "Roundhay," Yardley Hastings, Northampton.

In the middle was a small box. "If this is not cocaine . . ." he said

The Man Who Sought Revenge

INTO my carriage at Manchester stepped a man who looked as if he had not been in bed for a week. His clothes were wrinkled, he was unshaven and his eyes were half-closed with weariness. He was only about twenty-two years old.

I was attracted at first by the hunted look in his eyes. He reminded me of an animal that had escaped its pursuers after days in hiding.

Then I began to speculate upon who he might be. After a while he became restive. Then he turned round and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly, he looked up and laughed. His eyes were like those of a person on the verge of hysterics.

For some minutes the young man had spasms of laughter. Then he spoke to me.

"Excuse me," he said.

As I turned round I had a feeling of apprehension.

"I don't know you from Adam," he said, "but if I don't talk to somebody soon I feel that I shall go mad."

His features were now set and manifested signs of great emotional stress.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

He swayed a little impatiently.

"Oh, everything . . . everything." He paused and looked at me in a manner suggestive that he had regretted bursting out as he had.

"Did you ever love anybody madly?" he asked. "I mean so that you'd do anything in the world for them."

◆◆ This sudden question took me unawares. I did not feel disposed to divulge to this man my past love affairs.

"I don't think I have," I told him.

"Well, I have," he returned. "That was the trouble . . . I loved too much. You can love too much, you know. It made me crazy."

He glanced despondently to the floor. For a minute there was silence. Then he glanced up.

"I'm in a jam," he said very slowly. "In trouble—all over a girl."

This started a long talk. He spoke to me like a person confessing to a priest. It was as if the unburdening of his soul relieved him. The longer he spoke, the more at ease he seemed to be.

"Two years ago," he began, "I was the happiest chap in the world. I had a good job, good wages and a nice circle of friends."

He paused here while I yawned.

"No," he added, "this is not going to be the old, old story of a young man meeting a girl, losing his head and finally going to the dogs. It's something more unusual than that."

"I'm sorry," I apologised.

"That was as I said, two years ago. Well, one day while I was waiting for a 'bus, I saw a girl running across the road in obvious distress. It was very late—gone midnight. The street was deserted. The girl came up to me and begged of me with tears in her eyes to get a taxi.

"'Don't ask me why now,' she said. Being a credulous sort of person in those days, I hailed a passing taxi. 'Come with me,' she urged as she got into the cab. Without thinking, I did that.

"Pulling aside the window, the girl asked the driver to take us to an address in Frith Street, Soho. All this had happened so quickly that I did not have a chance to see what sort of a girl she was. In a cab a few minutes later, however, I had the shock of my life, for she was, without exaggerating, one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen.

"After explaining that she had been molested by a man in a flat, she went on to say that she was now on her way home. It appeared that the man was a business associate of hers. There had been some trouble regarding the accounts. He had, according to her, falsified the accounts. Having confronted him with this, he had proceeded to attack her. After a desperate struggle, she had succeeded in freeing herself and running into the street.

"This meeting began a friendship between the girl and myself that was to develop later into love—at least, as far as I was concerned.

"I saw her home that night. The next night we went to a show together. On this occasion she told me that she had a business in the city—a wholesale gown place.

"She seemed terribly worried about her partner and asked me what she ought to do. The only advice I could give her, since she was in fear of physical violence, was for her to go to the police. She said that she would do that.

"The next time we were together, she said that the trouble was now blown over and that everything was all right.

"Weeks passed and we were very happy together. About twice a week we used to go to a flat in Knightsbridge. She told me that the people there were connected with her business.

"Apparently, certain goods had to be taken from Knightsbridge to an address in the West-end. In order to oblige the girl and to give her time to talk business with the people in Knightsbridge, I would take the parcel to the West-end, returning later in a taxi.

"This routine went on for months. I was now violently in love with the girl. Not being very well off financially, I did not like asking her to marry me. But just as soon as I was, I was resolved to do so."

◆◆ He paused and yawned wearily.

"Well, to cut a long story short," he sighed, "one night in early summer I went to the address in the West End, but instead of the usual man coming to the door it was answered by a tall person, who turned out to be a detective.

"He asked me what was in the parcel I was carrying. When I told him I did not know, he smiled. 'How long have you been coming here?' he asked. I explained the truth to him as briefly as I could. Then I asked him what was the matter. 'You'll soon see,' he replied, whereupon he took me up to a room on the next floor.

"There were several other men in there. The eldest of them took the parcel and opened it. He unfolded some dresses, and in the middle of them was a small box.

"'Here it is,' he exclaimed. Opening the box, he regarded the contents critically. 'If this is not cocaine,' he added, 'then I'm not here.'

"You can imagine my feelings. The girl I loved had betrayed me—used me as a means to carrying on the most vile traffic in the world.

"I refused to believe it. Even when the truth was indisputably established, I made excuses for her. When they sent me to jail for two years, I still made excuses for her. But she came nowhere near me. I never saw her from the night I left her in Mayfair.

◆◆ "Do you know what it's like to be in jail day after day, week after week, month after month, waiting waiting for somebody you love to come?

"Do you know what it's like to sit in your cell night after night thinking of a face that means everything in the world to you—a face that after a while you see—see it in all its detail? Sitting and hoping . . . it's hell. Do you understand, my friend? It's hell! And above all that, the disgrace, the ruin, and everything that's worst in the world is your burden.

"When I came out I vowed to find her. For weeks now I've searched London, Manchester, Leeds—now I'm going back to London. And when I find her, my friend, I'll . . ."

Before he left me, I tried hard to explain that since the tragedy had occurred and was now over, it was better to dismiss it from his mind. But he would have none of that. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," he mumbled, "that is the law of life, my friend."

The last I saw of him he was hurrying along Euston Station.

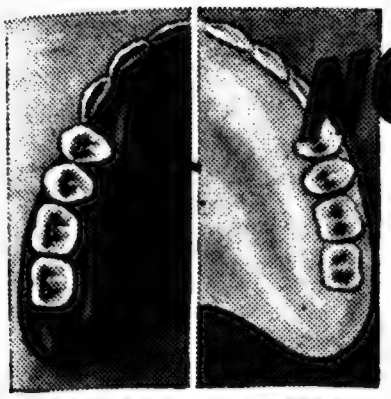
Made Miserable By Anæmia

SHE WAS PALE, WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

"I was left in a terribly weak and anæmic state after an attack of rheumatic fever," states Miss E. Liles, of 257, Middleton Road, Oldham. "I lost my appetite completely and no food would tempt me to eat. I was very pale, always felt tired and nothing interested me. I was miserable and depressed.

"The doctor warned mother that it would be a long time before I was well. Then she read about Dr. Williams pink pills, and decided to try them for me. I started taking the pills and very soon began to feel better. My appetite improved and the colour crept into my cheeks. By the time I had taken two boxes of the pills I was feeling really fine. Now I am back at work and feel quite fresh after a long day in the shop."

Dr. Williams brand pink pills have proved a priceless boon to thousands of run-down anæmic girls and women, because they create new, rich blood, which quickly banishes anæmia, lassitude and weakness, and gives new life to the whole system. Try these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.



BEFORE AFTER

NOW! FALSE TEETH CLEANSER that —

For 12 years, Dr. Sherwin, D.D.S., eminent authority on oral hygiene, sought a cleanser for false teeth that would be scientifically correct, completely effective and **absolutely harmless.** 'Steradent' resulted from his research.

'For many years,' writes a leading Birmingham dentist, 'I have been unable to recommend a paste or powder to keep dentures clean. Your sample of 'Steradent' came in time to test a very black upper denture. I put the denture in the sample last night and found to my astonishment that the case was quite clean this morning.'

To-day, this new discovery is widely used and recommended by the dental profession. You simply put your plates in water and add a little 'Steradent.' In a few minutes they are immaculately clean and purified by one of the most powerful sterilizing agents known. Every stain disappears as if by magic; even the blackest tobacco stains of years standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Left in 'Steradent' overnight, the fleshy pink colour is restored by the morning. **No brushing. No acids. No 'nasty taste.** Dentists say 'Steradent' is by far the best denture cleaner ever produced. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

- *Removes the worst stains.*
- *Makes dingy yellow teeth clean and white.*
- *Removes food, slimy film and tartar.*
- *Sterilizes and sweetens your plates.*
- *Does away with brushing.*
- *Is guaranteed harmless.*

WARNING! *Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your dentures beyond repair. Use 'Steradent' and you take no chances.*

STERADENT
REGD. TRADE MARK
CLEANS & STERILISES FALSE TEETH

A WEALTH OF COMFORT FOR A SMALL OUTLAY

Fully Patented No. 414464

ALL the luxurious comfort that you could wish for is in the Berkeley Superlax — yet look at the amazingly low price! No other Easy Chair offers such a wealth of beauty, comfort and durability for such a modest figure. That it can be offered at this price is only because it comes from the largest factories in the kingdom devoted solely to upholstery, is produced by the most up-to-date methods, and is sold in enormous quantities direct from the factories to the public.

10/- WITH ORDER

Deeply and softly upholstered, with beautiful, durable coverings, the Berkeley Superlax is designed to suit everyone, tall or short. It meets every mood with the perfect position of ease — the patented automatic action enabling you to change from upright to resting or lounging in less than a second, without making adjustment or leaving the chair. *See the models of Berkeley Upholstery and range of Coverings before deciding upon your furnishing scheme. Send Coupon NOW.*

The Berkeley SUPERLAX

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms **ALL-HAIR STUFFED.** Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

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Genuine Berkeleys cannot be obtained from any other furnishing house.

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SHREDDED WHEAT

leads Britain's Health Parade!

THIS business of getting fit and keeping fit is not only a question of regular exercise, although this is important. "Look to your diet as well" say the experts—"sound nutrition is all-important in the building of a healthy body." That is why Shredded Wheat takes an all-important part in the fitter Britain movement. Every particle is pure whole wheat in a form that provides Nature's finest form of nourishment. Every helping is a sheer delight to appetite and taste—a splended aid to bodily health and vigour. So don't forget that daily exercise and daily Shredded Wheat are the two best companions for building a finer physique and a fitter body. (JB)

THE FOOD FOR GENERAL FITNESS!

Welcome Spring with VIGOROUS HEALTH

The Spring! What a glorious time of the year! All nature is awakening to life after its winter sleep and everyone of us in normal health shares in the joyous urge. Longer days and a soft caress in the air, make us eager to work off pent-up energy in outdoor recreations.

And yet so many are unable to enjoy to the full this reawakened activity. They feel off colour, listless.

Do you know why people have this tired feeling in Spring? It is simply an accumulation of acid in the system. The heavy foods of Winter, confinement in hot stuffy rooms, and the lack of exercise, all help to create an excess of acid and make the blood sluggish.

The remedy is pleasant and simple. Just go to your chemist and purchase a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia,' or if you prefer a handy tablet form ask for 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets.

All of us feel better at this time of the year if we take an antacid — and the antacid most acceptable to the human system is 'Milk of Magnesia.' It purifies the blood, banishes headaches and lassitude and effectively eliminates the accumulated poisons from the system. It imparts the clearness of health to the eyes and complexion and increased vigour to body and brain.

Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity) Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS *1/- per box, and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use.*

JB

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

JB

Why be GREY?

HINDES HAIRTINT

Touch up occasionally with HINDES HAIR TINT of the correct shade. There is nothing to compare with this famous old preparation for preserving and restoring natural colour and lustre to faded hair. Four shades — Light Brown, Brown, Dark Brown, Black. 2,6 per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to HINDES Ltd., 5 St. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Free Coronation Gift Offer

CORONATION Gifts are being presented to "John Bull" readers in Drage's Coronation Celebration offer announced on page 27. Fill in the Coupon at once for special Coronation Portfolio and Catalogue illustrating their excellent furnishing offers!

Secretly the call goes out to followers of this cruel sport, the "fun" is watched, and the police remain powerless

A WICKED Secret Sport

COCK-FIGHTING enthusiasts of the country—they number many scores of thousands—are angry.

As if it isn't bad enough that the Spanish civil war should have led to the abandonment of the Britain versus Spain contest usually held near San Sebastian, other notable fixtures—many of them international—are in danger.

It is all the fault of the public outcry following the discovery that 300 British visitors, some of them members of our aristocracy, attended a main—as cock-fighting tournaments are called—at Calais, in which a hundred British birds took part—a disclosure which will have occasioned no surprise to regular JOHN BULL readers, since we have often revealed the scandal of these Anglo-French mains on the French coast.

As a result, the real international contest between British and French birds, usually held near Lille at the end of May, and the annual Britain versus Belgium affair, held near the Belgian frontier, may have to be abandoned.

The special vigilance of the authorities to prevent British gamecocks leaving these shores will probably be a difficulty it will be impossible to overcome. There will be all the more interest, therefore, in the fights arranged to take place in Britain.

But with the R.S.P.C.A. threatening to use aeroplanes to spot these meetings and rush police to the spot, a big fixture list of inter-county contests, most important of which is the meeting between Yorkshire and Cumberland, held every Easter on the moors of one or other of the two counties, may have to be given up or staged under such conditions of secrecy that comparatively few people will be able to attend.

The cock-fighting season is as rigidly fixed as the football, cricket or any other season; and never since this so-called sport was driven underground by an Act of Parliament of 88 years ago has a season opened under such unhappy auspices.

People who have expressed surprise at hearing of a British excursion to a French cock-fight can have little idea how widespread are the ramifications of the "sport" in this country, and what big sums of money are sunk in it.

It is believed that there are more than 60 British Cocking Clubs. In any case, important clubs are known to exist in South Devon, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Northumberland.

That adherents are prepared to spend money on it is shown by the fact that few clubs demand a joining fee of less than £25 from new members. One, which operates near Newmarket, charges £150, and three others, at least, sums in excess of £100.

On top of that, there are annual subscriptions to be paid in every case. It is easy to see why they have to be heavy.

Mains have to be held under such strict secrecy that it is usually considered essential to employ two circles of scouts to watch for the approach of any unwanted person. Upwards of a hundred watchers may be necessary, and that costs money.

Club members have to be traced and told where they can watch "the fun" at the very last moment, usually two or three hours before the main begins.

A member of a Cocking Club does not, therefore, consider that he is being robbed when he pays an annual club fee of £10 or more.

Those who belong to the most exclusive club in the country, the Newmarket one to which we refer, pay £20 a year, which, since the season normally begins a few weeks before Easter and ends on July 10, represents something like £1 a week.

For that they were entitled, last year, to attend two big open-air meetings at which some 500 people were present, one in the wilds of Yorkshire, one in a 40-ft. pit in a Norfolk barn, which can only be used on rare occasions because of the risks involved, and five minor mains held in stables or isolated buildings so small that only fifty or sixty people could attend.

There is known to exist such friendly co-operation between the leading clubs that the authorities have a suspicion that cock-fighting in this country has some sort of governing body without notepaper, offices or headquarters.

The fact that fixtures are arranged between the different clubs, that the members of one so often become guests at the mains of another, and that cock-breeders in one part of the country can often be found issuing challenges at so much a side to breeders in another district, lends support to that view.

The alternative theory is that there are three or four wealthy people who are willing to spend time and money in acting as liaison officers between clubs for the control of the "sport."

But no article on the financial ramifications of cock-fighting can fail to include the breeding aspect. Scores of thousands of pounds are sunk in the breeding of game cocks.

For birds that have been so phenomenally successful in the cockpit that they have been withdrawn in the middle of a fight and put to stud, as much as £500 is paid. Sums of £200 are sometimes paid for birds that will probably be killed or hopelessly maimed at the first encounter. From £50 to £100 is commonly paid for good cocks.

A blinded bird—and it is extraordinary how often they will attack each other's eyes—is put to stud if it has shown the requisite touch of quality. But British people entering birds in French contests rarely get them back when their eyes have been put out by the terrible two-inch silver spurs, because at most French mains it is the custom to present such cocks to pitside helpers.

From one blind cock presented to a Calais dock hand was bred a champion for which that lucky recipient received £230 from a British "sportsman."

Breeders of fighting-cocks are as skilled and meticulous in their methods as breeders of racehorses.

For years they have been breeding the British birds down and down in size in the belief that the lighter strains make the best fighters. Whether they are right in their reckoning remains to be seen. The heavier Continental birds have been mutilating the lighter English stock in a matter of seconds in recent contests.

Breeders say that that is inevitable. Given time, they will produce the perfect fighting bird.

But it will be the hope of every decent man and woman that the authorities will crush the whole wicked business before that is achieved.

It is so un-British that the authorities should see that never again is there the dawn of another cock-fighting season in this country.

It is so inhuman that we hope no Briton will give foreign promoters the encouragement of their presence.

THE CASCADE

A BIRMINGHAM family has had occasion to wonder about the Spanish proverb which says that the smoke in a man's own chimney is better than the fire in another's.

Due to an hitherto unsuspected flaw in the party wall, the crackling fire of the people next door poured torrents of smoke into their home. Then the soot in their chimney caught fire.

Huge, glowing flakes of it came cascading down the chimney to the destruction of treasured possessions in the room.

No major calamity, certainly. A few weeks of financial sacrifice would provide the money to put matters right again. But not even that was necessary.

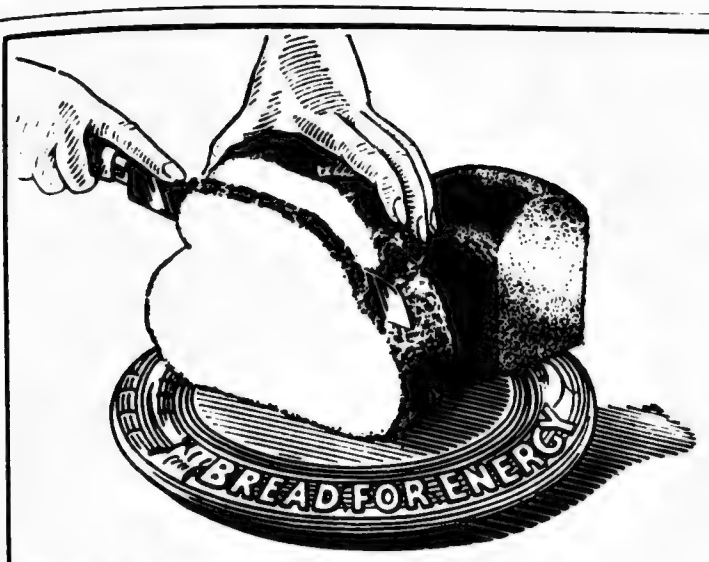
Because they had filled in the coupon which qualifies for the free protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, we sent them a cheque in respect of the damage to their own possessions. In keeping faith with registered readers who have put their faith in us, big cheques and small alike come the same to JOHN BULL.

And, by the way, are *you* protected by this scheme that costs you nothing? The coupon is on page 5. There is no charge whatsoever. Why not use it now?

ARRESTED

—the bald spot that threatens to become even more apparent. BRYLCREEM tonic oils safeguard your hair against scurf, dandruff and other scalp troubles that the hair is heir to. BRYLCREEM fixes and conditions the hair, keeps it bright and healthy.

Change to BRYLCREEM to-day. Obtainable in bottles and tubes and the new wide neck bottles from all Chemists and Hairdressers. Price 1/-. JB



BREAD

IS THE BEST ENERGY FOOD

People who lead active lives should have bread at every meal not just because it is the best and cheapest food for providing energy—not even because it goes well with all other foods—but because it is necessary for the proper assimilation of everything else you eat.

That is why dietitians say that BREAD should be the basis of *every* meal.

IF YOU LEAD AN ACTIVE LIFE EAT

BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H. 277

HERE'S YOUR SPRING CREATION—

YOUTHFUL BOND ST STYLE

COSTUME

IN SMART FINE CHECK

3/- MONTHLY • DOWN WITH COUPON • 3/-

A Revelation of Value in Smart Costume Fashions

Probably no other pattern is so popular, neat and desirable as this Pin Check Smooth Finished Worsted mixture. The kind that every woman admires and desires. **You will wonder how it is possible** for us to offer our "Brucewood" Model Costume for 21/-. (Only 3 - a month.) It's because we have enormous buying power and were able to contract in advance for many thousands of yards before the recent great increases in wool prices. **Not one penny is charged for our Monthly Thrift Plan of Payments often lower than Cash Prices!**

A clear finished suiting which presses immaculately, wears longest, and is light in weight so that it fits the figure perfectly without the bulkiness of many tweeds.

Single-breasted with button to link or fasten over. Tailor-finished seams for semi-fitting—sleeves with three buttons on cuff—pockets with front darts.

Guaranteed lining of 100% Art Silk Rayon Skirt has inverted pleat in front for easy walking. Petersham at the waist for snug smooth fit. Side opening. Skirt comes in 30, 32, 34 and 36-inch lengths. Hip sizes: 34 to 42 inches.

The **special advantages** of this **Pin Check** pattern is that you may use this coat with a plain skirt or the skirt with any jumper.

Be sure to state hip size, skirt length and colour.

YOU PAY **21/-** THE EASY WAY

Choice of
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Ask for Ward's New 1937 Catalogue. Big Bargains! Everything your family needs—is in this new Spring and Summer Catalogue which is now ready. Learn more about the famous MARSHALL WARD CREDIT BANK ACCOUNT PLAN—how you can buy the things you need and pay for them as you use them, spreading payments over many months. Have this Catalogue and prepare to save money on everyday necessities—clothing for the whole family—complete furnishings for the home. Just a postcard is enough to ask for this Catalogue.

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I enclose 3/- for Special Offer Costume, No. B2E4003, to be sent to me "On Approval." If I return the Costume, you are to return my full Postal Order and also cost of return postage. Otherwise I will pay 3/- each month until your special price, plus 9d. postage is paid.

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for
INTERNAL YOUTH

What can surpass the glow of health and abundant energy? To possess these infallible signs of a sweet clean system you must keep your body free from stagnant health-destroying material. Nature-Cure Research can help you! **Herbal Cleansing** with INNERCLEAN is Nature's **Cure** for Constipation! It is safe and sure for everyone in the family. Take this famous blend of fine crushed herbs at bedtime—only half a teaspoonful, or enough to cover a sixpence. Put it on your tongue just as it is, dry from the packet. Wash it down with a little cold water. You'll **like** taking INNERCLEAN. No brewing, no mixing, no bother. Morning will bring gentle, complete relief.

N.B. ***It is quite unnecessary to make a habit of INNERCLEAN,*** lessen the amount every night until it is discontinued. A packet costs 2/6 or 4/6 at your chemist—or clip out the coupon below and send for FREE sample.

Innerclean is very economical if properly used. The 2/6 packet contains sufficient for 40 doses.

INNERCLEAN
ASSIST ● NATURE
HERBAL LAXATIVE

COUPON! POST NOW!

With twopence in stamps to cover postage of FREE packet of INNERCLEAN from Messrs. Brooks and Warburton, Ltd., Dept. L., 232, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Pain

after meals?

IF your life is being made miserable by distressing heartburn, flatulence, sick headache and pain after meals, then follow the example of Nurse Jennings, of Weston, who writes:

"I was a great sufferer with heartburn and pains after eating, and I dreaded mealtimes . . . After taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can now eat anything without discomfort."

Your first dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia will stop the stomach pain; take it after meals and you'll forget you ever had indigestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is used and recommended by doctors everywhere . . . you simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy. Get a bottle today. Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Pests Who Cause— TORTURED *Lives*

"WHY do some people deliberately go out of their way to make others unhappy?" That is the question asked by a correspondent.

There are, of course, a number of reasons. It may be due to thoughtlessness; some sour folk derive pleasure from making other people miserable; others sacrifice anything to "get their own back." They have been hurt themselves and it seems to them poetic justice to make other people suffer. This article deals with some of those misery-making individuals.

◇ ◇ ◇

"Anonymous letter writers," said the late Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, "are either mad or bad." They are certainly among the worst specimens of misery-makers. One of their victims—a girl—sends me this letter:—

At the age of twenty-three I feel I would sooner be dead. Every day the postman brings either to myself or my old father anonymous letters and postcards full of abuse. If I did all the wicked things of which I am accused, then I should expect to suffer for my folly, but I can't understand why I should be subjected to these attacks.

My father is getting on in years and is often too ill to be troubled by such things, and I have no mother or sisters in whom I can confide. I sincerely hope you will help me, and I will carry out gratefully whatever advice you give me.

It is hard to understand the mentality of the anonymous letter writer. He is either a coward or a criminal. A coward because he is afraid to append his signature—a criminal when he makes foul and baseless accusations. The best way to treat such missives is to throw them unread into the fire. In that way the poisoned dart misses its mark.

But there are some people who can't take that advice. They read them over and over again until the venomous words shatter their nerves. The effect is seen in the letter from my correspondent, "I feel I would sooner be dead." The only thing for her to do is to place the matter in the hands of the police. I hope they will trace the offender. In any case, the culprit may discover that my correspondent has taken this step. That will probably act as a deterrent.

◇ ◇ ◇

My next correspondent writes:

My boss seems to take a delight in ridiculing my every movement and never misses an opportunity of insulting me. If he cannot find a mistake in what I do he invents one or, failing that, will pass some sarcastic remark about my work.

I am employed with twenty other men in the same office and hold a fairly responsible job, to which I give my whole time and attention. My work is satisfactory, according to the statements of the deputy manager, and I take every interest in my personal appearance.

The other clerks have noticed this man's attitude towards me and have expressed their sympathies with me. They are all at a loss to understand his harsh treatment. I, too, have tried to find an excuse for him. I have thought that it may be due to his health, tried to visualise his home life—but I can find no reason whatever for it.

I am a married man with two children and cannot afford to resign my position as I have had a good deal of unemployment during the last four years. What is more, the salary is fairly good—as clerical pay goes.

The position is making me unhappy and I should so much like your advice.

Spitefulness on the part of those in authority is, I am afraid, far too common. And where it is occasioned by personal animosity it is difficult to know the best way to deal with it.

There seem to be only three courses open to this man. Have a talk with his boss; "grin and bear it," or find another position.

Take number one. He might approach his employer on these lines: "I am doing my utmost to give you loyal and conscientious service, but I feel that your treatment of me is undeserved and unjust, and it is making me very unhappy. Will you let me know what else I can do to please you."

The danger, of course, in taking this step is that the employer may tell him to find another job. With a wife and family dependent upon him, my correspondent does not want to be faced with an ultimatum of that character.

The second course may be a better solution. This man has the assurance of the deputy manager that his work is satisfactory. He has also the sympathy of his fellow clerks. Life would be easier for him if he could banish it completely from his mind. If, however, he has a sensitive nature—and from what he tells me I gather that such is the case—then it is difficult to ignore it.

In that event, and if his employer's conduct does not improve, there is nothing else for him but to look for other work. The deputy manager is obviously on his side. He might be willing to give a personal recommendation to any firm making enquiries about him.

"We are resolved to stamp out the loathsome crime of blackmail," said a judge the other day, as he sentenced the prisoner to ten years' penal servitude. Such punishment is the only remedy for one of the worst evils of society. Read this letter, from a victim:—

About three years ago, when working at a seaside hotel, I became friendly with one of the waitresses and we started going out together. She told me that she was married but had been separated from her husband for four years, after only three months of married life. Later I took lodgings with this girl's mother, but as these two did not agree, and there seemed to be a lot of bother, I decided it would be best to find other rooms.

My friend visited me one day, and on returning found she had been locked out. She came back to me and I gave up my bed to her, sleeping myself on the floor. A short time afterwards we lived together for a fortnight, and then she went back home and is now staying with her mother.

A man who knew us both is now blackmailing me, saying that he will tell her mother of our relationship. I have only my unemployment money of 18s. 6d. a week and have had to borrow to meet his demands of 7s. a week.

Now he is asking for more, and I cannot borrow anything further. Would you please advise me what is the best thing to do?

◇ ◇ ◇

This man has been foolish in submitting to the demands of that blackmailer. He must refuse point blank to pay another penny. He should also utter a warning that if further requests for money are made he will inform the police. If he does not take a strong line now his life will not be worth living.

"But supposing he should carry out his threat and tell the girl's mother?" Even that must be faced. It is by far the lesser of the two evils. But I don't think he will. Blackmailers are bullies, and bullies are usually cowards at heart.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

The poison pen fiend is either a coward or a criminal. His letters should be thrown unread in the fire

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

ALL EYES ON LONDON!

No JOHN BULL reader, whether living in London or in the provinces, should miss the special announcement in next week's JOHN BULL. Here is something for which every British home has waited—something which every reader of JOHN BULL will welcome—*new, thrilling, inspiring, magnificent!*

All eyes on London—in next week's JOHN BULL.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*—*even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

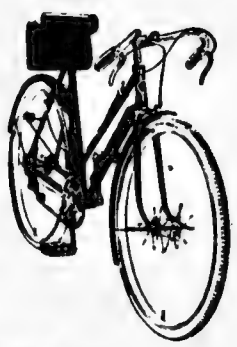
Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

Now I know what they mean by.....

"The sweetest running cycle on the road."

"My Hercules travels so smoothly — the machine seems to do the work while I just enjoy myself. The Hercules people certainly know what a girl wants from a cycle . . .

QUALITY CYCLES FROM £2 A WEEK



HERCULES CLUB (OB/AD)

HERCULES KESTREL (OB/BU)

.....and I've saved money by getting a Hercules

"I nearly paid more money and bought another make. But, as the Cycle Dealer pointed out, I shouldn't be getting anything more for my money. And if the biggest cycle manufacturers in the world couldn't please me, who could?"

Ask your dealer for the Golden Catalogue today.

Insist on **Hercules**

THE LARGEST CYCLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., BRITANNIA WORKS, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM 69

No Fluctuations with *this!*

What do *I* care if Rubber stretches a point, Home Rails sag, or Coppers go off duty altogether. Nothing . . . Nowt, if you prefer it.

For I'm on to a stock that never fluctuates . . . Afrikander . . . and a stock I'll never let go of. There's a return of 100% satisfaction on every share you buy. Invest 8d. now and then, and just keep on drawing dividends of pure pipe-pleasure for the rest of your pipehood.

Take this tip. Buy an ounce. Open the packet and release that fragrance of *factory fresh* tobacco. Light up and settle down to a smoke such as you never had before—smooth, cool, comforting and completely what you want. And the more you smoke Afrikander, the more firmly you are convinced that it is a *downright dependable* tobacco, a *lasting* tobacco, giving you made-to-measure smoking with never a falter in a thousand packets. 8d. an ounce, I said.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Boat-shaped Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, lace-trimmed hood, coil springs, foot brake, ribbed cushion tyres, dress guards, bright parts are chromium plated. Colours: Navy, Nigger, Grey, Green, Beige, Maroon. 7/6/- Terms: 5/- monthly. Catalogue Free.

5/- now

Body 30in long

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

5,000 HOOVERS TO BE LENT *FREE!*

Don't overlook this important c[illegible].r on p. 29. It is your last chance—so fill in the Coupon now while you think of it!

UNHEALTHY GUMS

are a menace to your teeth

Gibbs 'S.R.' will protect them

Tender, septic, bleeding gums lead to Pyorrhoea, Gingivitis and the loss of teeth, however white and sound they are. Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste has helped in thousands of such cases, saving sound teeth from extraction, restoring gums to firm, pink healthiness, giving immediate relief from pain and discomfort.

Gibbs "S.R." contains a special substance which has been used for some time by Dentists for the treatment of Pyorrhoea, but this is the first time it has been available to the public for home use. Gibbs "S.R." is as effective for the teeth as for the gums too, removing stains, cleansing thoroughly, protecting the enamel, and polishing to gleaming whiteness.

Buy a tube of Gibbs "S.R." today.

ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT

Gibbs "S.R." (TOOTH PASTE) FOR TEETH AND GUMS Per Tube 1/3

Another Dentist's Tribute to Gibbs "S.R."

"We have recommended "S.R." to several of our patients and have had exceptionally good results therefrom. We have found that it is indicated especially in cases of gingivitis and pyorrhoea alveolaris." Ref. F.70

Gibbs "S.R." (TOOTH PASTE) FOR TEETH AND GUMS

SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

GIBBS PYRAMID TOOTH BRUSH

is a brush specifically designed to clean every tooth surface easily and surely. Its bristles and handle are so shaped and arranged as to brush firmly and massage the gums effectively without being harsh. Rinses clean and dries quickly.

Price 1/6 each

GR20A

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

SMOKERS PREFER AG PAPERS for rolling better cigarettes

JUST OUT

If you prefer paper as on high-grade packet cigarettes—ask for 'GREEN A.G'

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

He's happy in a model bakery, but what of the thousands of less fortunate bakers?

70,000 Bakehouse Slaves

BREAD is up again. Prices vary in different parts of the country, but generally they are dearer than at any time for nine years.

And the prospect is—still dearer bread.

World shortage is the cry, and certainly an international restrictionist policy embarked on in 1933 by big producing countries which, unlike ourselves, could produce vast quantities cheaply, was deliberately intended to create such a shortage.

But gambling in the world markets has not a little to do with it. Speculators are using the staff of life to enrich themselves while British millers and bakers stand by just as helplessly as you.

In Chicago, prices respond to every fluctuation in the frenzied gambling in the wheat pit. In British market reports we read that "profit taking by speculators had its effect on prices."

It has made bread the topic in every home—a painfully significant one where extra ha'pennies mean empty stomachs.

But in 70,000 homes there is another reason why bread is a topic.

In every one of these homes men are awaiting anxiously the outcome of the Departmental Committee now holding an investigation into the hours worked in bakehouses.

Will its report free them at last from the drudgery, almost amounting to slavery, which many of them have to endure so that we may eat bread?

They are asking themselves that question. And they and their wives and children are praying that the answer may be "Yes."

Day baking all round would mean a lot to them.

"People must have fresh bread" is one of the excuses put forward by those who oppose this reform. But on the Continent—famous for its fresh rolls at breakfast—bakers only work during the day.

England is almost the last country in the world which still permits this form of slavery—and it is nothing less. Norway abolished it in 1906. There is hardly a country left in Europe where it is still allowed.

More than twenty countries in all parts of the world agreed to abide by the Geneva Convention of 1925, which recommended that bakers should begin their work at five or six o'clock in the morning. These countries include Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Colombia in South America, Esthonia and Uruguay.

America is a black spot for bakers. But in South America and in Central America most of the countries have come into line with the Convention. Even small countries like Nicaragua and Costa Rica now bake their bread during the day.

In Scotland there is day baking everywhere except in Glasgow. Ireland came into line last year.

Yet—parts of England and Wales lag behind.

Exactly 100 years ago a Government Committee was appointed to consider the desirability of abolishing night baking. In its report it said it should be done away with. But the report was issued a *few days after the Bill which would have included it had been passed.* So day baking was put back a hundred years.

Bad working conditions and low wages intensify the hardships of many of the men who make our bread.

Their lives are grindingly hard. They work wickedly long hours. They are badly paid. They get no proper rest because, when they should be sleeping the rest of the family is at the height of its activity. The awkward hours of work and sleep give them no time for recreation and no chance to enjoy a normal home life.

In the factories conditions are mostly good. But in small "shops" conditions are frequently appalling.

The small master bakers employing just a few operatives often use the basement as their bakehouse.

We know of one, typical of many, which is about 8 ft. wide and 15 ft. long.

Three men work in it. The roof is only 7 ft. high, and one of the workmen is 6 ft. There is a donkey boiler and the safety valve is constantly giving off steam. There is the heat from the oven, the fumes from the coal fire, and the smell of yeast.

The only ventilation is a skylight of glass into the street about 2 ft. wide, and the door at the back leading on to the stairs. The temperature is always about a hundred degrees. Men sweating from the heat feel the cold draught blowing between window and door. They are always catching cold or getting rheumatism.

There are many such bakehouses.

In this kind of place men are compelled to work from seven at night to nine or ten next morning. Seventeen or twenty hours on Friday night without a break even for food. One man works for eighty-five hours a week and is paid £2 15s., with no overtime—less than 8d. an hour.

When they can they snatch a bite of food while they work. When they come out in the morning most of them are absolutely exhausted. They drag one foot after the other like worn-out old men, with hardly enough energy left to take themselves home.

London is one of the worst places for these bad "shops." But an agreement has just been reached between the union and employers for a minimum wage of £3 a week and forty-eight hours.

A majority of employers are in favour of day baking. If a vote were taken of *all* employers, the Union is confident it would come immediately. Mr. E. Harding, president of the Midland Federation of Bakery Employers, made a strong plea recently for day baking everywhere.

The Union is continually receiving letters from other employers who would welcome reform. Although there is no law to enforce it, it has already been adopted in a number of places voluntarily.

The Newcastle Co-operative Society, which has fifty-four shops, has been doing day baking for eighteen years, and has found it a success. Northampton is "day." So are most of the Midland towns. Leicester starts at 3 a.m., except the big factories. The experiment is also being tried out at Romford by the London Co-operative Society, and is proving a success.

In Liverpool, at the present time, men work at night so that bread can be delivered early next morning in Hereford, about 100 miles away! The same thing happens between Manchester and Stoke-on-Trent — Manchester and Macclesfield. And the classic example is Manchester and Liverpool.

There are Liverpool bakers working at night so that their bread will be early in Manchester next morning. There are Manchester men working at night so that their bread will be in Liverpool early next morning. Could anything be more ludicrous?

Travelling from Glasgow to the north of Scotland, Mr. J. W. Banfield, Secretary of the Union, saw his train being loaded with bread fresh from the oven at 10.30 that night. The next morning when his train arrived at Inverness at about 6 o'clock, he saw the same bread being unloaded.

From Inverness it started on its travels all through the Highlands, and it was already many hours old.

Although employers are willing, many of them anxious, for the change over to day baking, competition is so keen that they cannot afford to take the initial step. That is why a new law, making it compulsory, would be welcomed by them.

The Prime Minister must make it his business to see that the Committee now sitting collects its evidence quickly and issues its report in time for a clause covering night baking to be included in the new Factory Bill.

10,000 DOCTORS *recommend this amazing new formula for* **CATARRH**

Ask your chemist for a bottle to-day with full descriptive leaflet

NEMAKOL Nasal Compound 1/6

CLEANSE YOUR BLOOD IN THE SPRING

After the trying Winter, with violent climatic changes, your health is at its lowest. Stuffy rooms, lack of sunshine and fresh air lower the vitality and clog the blood with impurities. This is why Clarkes Blood Mixture is so beneficial in the Spring; it cleanses the blood and restores health and vigour.

Clarkes Blood Mixture is unequalled for the treatment of all complaints that arise from blood impurities: Rheumatism, Lumbago, Painful Joints, Neuritis, Skin Complaints, Eczema, Ulcers, Rashes, Boils and Pimples.

Be sure you get "CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

Sold everywhere LIQUID 1/9, 3/- & 12/- (12/- six times the 3/- size)

"CLARKES" BRAND BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE "BLOOD MIXTURE"

Sold everywhere TABLETS 1/9, 3/- & 5/- (5/- twice the 3/- size)

BECAUSE YOU WANTED A SHAVING CREAM . . .
Rich in Lather — like PALMOLIVE
It multiplies itself in lather 250 times
Long-lasting — like PALMOLIVE
It maintains its creamy fulness for ten minutes on the face
Quick — like PALMOLIVE
It softens the beard in one minute
Good for tough beards — like PALMOLIVE
Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving
With pleasant after-effects — like PALMOLIVE
due to olive and palm oil content—
6D & 1/-
PALMOLIVE shaving cream
YOU MADE PALMOLIVE THE MOST POPULAR SHAVING CREAM!

THE SUPREME TYRE FOR MOTOR CYCLE SAFETY

FIT THE

DUNLOP "Universal"

THE GREAT ALL PURPOSE MOTOR CYCLE TYRE

PRICES FROM 20/6

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LIMITED FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM

Branches throughout the World.

C.F.M.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

AINTREE A delightful Pure Wool Kasha type material of excellent quality has been selected for this handsome Spring Coat, which is carefully cut and tailored in the newest style with the fashionable pouched saddle back, and three patch pockets. Garment has bold revers, smartly fitting collar, self-material all-round belt with slide, and is lined throughout with a super-quality plain Art. Silk to tone. Supplied in the following shades & sizes: Brown, Blue, Green, and Navy. S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. Price 32/6 Terms: 4/- Monthly.

WRITE for PATTERNS

Send today for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars, will be sent per return post.

J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/- Monthly

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness or hair-killing Dandruff. Grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in comfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I tried Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box, my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the Hair is now thick and is a mass of waves, and is more healthy looking."

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write:—

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy Street (S.O.E.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

Marvellous Complexion

without 'Made-up' Look

NEW 'AIR-FLOATED' POWDER

***INVISIBLE* ON THE SKIN**

A fresh fascinating loveliness — no suggestion of make-up. Face powder so fine and light it is actually invisible on the skin—no one can ever guess it is not all your own natural beauty. The secret is the amazing new 'air-floated' process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. Whirled by powerful currents of air at hurricane speed. Ten times finer and lighter than ever thought possible. Try the new 'air-floated' Poudre Tokalon to-day. Work all day in office, shop or home — you never look hot or shiny. Dance all night — your complexion stays fresh and lovely. Get to-day the captivating and lasting complexion beauty that only Poudre Tokalon can give. 6d and 1/- everywhere. By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. *222J*) Clare Road, London, N.W.10.

INDIGESTION —Don't Let it spoil your day

'BISODOL' gives QUICK RELIEF

'BiSoDoL' is a complete *Treatment* for disorders of the Stomach, such as indigestion, acidity, heartburn, flatulence, etc., and will give quick and lasting relief. It can be given to both adults and children alike with absolute safety.

'BiSoDoL' ensures you freedom to eat what you like without fear of pain or discomfort. It is a scientific preparation of specially selected ingredients, each of which has a particular and important function — one assists digestion, another neutralizes acids and another relieves the painful inflammatory condition of the stomach walls.

Sufferers from Stomach disorders need only give 'BiSoDoL' a trial to be convinced that 'BiSoDoL' is not just another stomach powder, but a COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT.

'BiSoDoL' may be obtained from all Chemists, either in Powder or Tablet form.

POWDER	*TABLETS*
Price 1/3 & 3/-	Price 1/- (30)
Family size 4/9	And 2/6 (100)

You can readily prove the truth of the above statement by sending for a free sample of Powder or Tablets to BiSoDoL Limited, Dept. 68.E, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

BiSoDoL
THE COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT

Our Readers Write About...

Bullies of the Pits

Human Alarm-Clocks

SERIOUS victimisation has become rampant in the mining areas, where colliery workers are being threatened with dismissal if they do not allow their boys to enter the pits.—J. T. JONES, Beech Parade, West Cornforth, Co. Durham.

Intelligent youths refuse to be miners under intolerable conditions of private ownership. Coalowners foresee labour shortage. Hence intimidation of parents.

Bill Billings

MY father has retired after thirty-six years' continuous service in various branches of the Army. Is this a record?—B. HALSTEAD, Carlisle Grove, Thornton, Blackpool.

No. William Billings served 75 years —1702 to 1777. His tombstone at Longnor, Staffs, reads:

Billeted by death,
I quartered here remain
Till the trumpet sounds.
I'll rise and march again.

Self-Rousers

THREE miner friends tell me that they are able to waken at any hour they choose without being roused.

One, before falling asleep, taps his head against the bedpost six times for a six o'clock reveille and so on. He says he learned the tip in the Boy Scouts.

Another, who has not once been late for work at the pit in forty years, wakens by will-power alone.

The third, on entering bed, takes a number of sips of water to correspond with the hour at which he must be awake.—H. J. RODGERS, Horatio Street, Roker, Sunderland.

Lord Baden Powell can take himself out of slumber by predetermination not only at the hour but at the exact minute fixed.

Health Fallacy

EIGHTEEN years' hospital nursing experience caused me to be astonished to hear sarsaparilla being recommended as a spring blood-purifier in a health talk from an English-speaking foreign radio station.—MISS OLIVE STANTON, Vicarage Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 19.

Number of readers challenge this broadcast. Sarsaparilla has no ingredient of any medicinal value.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now For Newbury!

BETTER luck next time out was what I thought after Sea Bequest had failed in the Rosebery Stakes.

This natty little horse is a tantalising sort, for on several occasions he has just failed to do things.

His turn will come, I think, in the Newbury Spring Cup this week-end.

He was badly drawn at Kempton and this probably upset his jockey's plans.

The dead straight mile at Newbury will suit him and the opposition is not very powerful.

On the Queen's Prize running Kept-On must have a great chance of winning the Thatcham Long-Distance Handicap.

Bow and Arrow should be equal to scoring in the Wilts Selling Plate.

At one time this useful old horse was annexing good handicaps.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, April 8, to Wednesday, April 14.

Z	Q	C	93	B	94	M	R	98	T	F	O	A	P	U	X				
L	H	J	I	95	E	D	W	N	96	G	S	K	V	Y	97				

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OK96UW would read SATYR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. FKZ2KO would read GALLAS.

Old Soldiers

Non-Runner

TO-DAY I paid my first visit to a racecourse, and decided that I would back the first horse I saw.

This happened to be a somewhat small and plump grey animal, not at all like a thoroughbred, but I remained firm in my intention.

So I asked the youth who was leading it to tell me its name. "Mabel," he replied.

I couldn't find that name in the programme. And I was surprised when, before the opening race, I saw Mabel ambling down the course with a jockey wearing a macintosh and a bowler hat on her back.

Then I learned she was only the starter's hack!—M. F. LONG, Aylestone Road, Leicester.

Safest bet for a novice.

Inexplicable

I AM a widow of thirty-six with two daughters, the younger of whom is about to leave a secondary school.

Then, because my husband died before January 4, 1926, I will lose my widow's pension and the allowances for my children, and cannot have my pension restored until I reach fifty-five.

Yet the widow of an insured worker who died after January 4, 1926, is eligible for pension at any age.—MRS. AGNES JARVIS, Speed Terrace, Tait's Lane, Dundee.

No Cabinet Minister or Civil Servant has ever been able to explain this extraordinary anomaly.

Breeding Pugilists

PLEASE confirm if it is correct that Leicestershire has produced more boxing champions than any other part of Britain.—V. B. DIXON, Hampton Road, Ilford, Essex.

Cannot equal record of one area of South Wales, where, within twenty miles radius, were born Jimmy Wilde, Frank Moody, Tommy Farr, Jack Petersen, Fred Welsh, Tom Thomas and Jimmy Driscoll, champions all.

Impressions

FIVE things impress me on my return to Britain after twenty-four years' absence:

Unpunctuality of long-distance trains.

Slowness of telephone service—awful at night.

Harder features of young women.

Growth of boastfulness among business men.

Replacement of the jolly 'bus conductor by a dour, grunting fellow.—HAROLD LOGAN, I.C.S., Savoy Hotel, W.C.2.

Our policemen are still wonderful.

You Pay

MEMBERS of town and county councils up and down the country have been allocated seats on the Coronation procession route.

And everywhere the councillors selected are now voting themselves free travel and hotel expenses.

Surely the privilege of the seats should be sufficient without further participation in the festivities at the ratepayers' expense.—R. B. LEIGHTON, Gainsborough Avenue, Oldham.

No doubt the Public Auditor will have something to say.

Rake Off

WHERE do electricity meter inspectors learn arithmetic?

I find from my last quarter's bill that, for the secondary rate, I am charged a full penny per unit instead of .85 pence per unit.

The cool explanation I am given is that the fraction per unit is not allowed for the convenience of collectors and clerks.—LESLIE KELLETT, Boreland Drive, Knightwood, Glasgow.

Readers who have sent us their bills are being overcharged 10 per cent. by this process.

"Patriotism"

FROM radio, the pulpit and the platform there has lately been a significant resuscitation of that most dangerous of all inflammatory cries—"My country—right or wrong!"—RONALD BAXTER, Pelton Road, E. Greenwich, S.E.10.

Americans' slogan is now—There are two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.

Cats' Call

WHEN I plugged in to a call signal on my telephone switchboard near midnight, I heard what I took to be screams, followed by sounds of choking and furniture being knocked over. No voice spoke.

I identified the source of the call as an office which I knew should be locked up for the night.

A message was flashed to the police and the flying squad soon had a cordon round the building.

The telephone had been upset in a contest between the office cat and an intruder of the species!—K. MERRITT, White City, Midhurst, Sussex.

Telephone service of Britain deals with average of 5,000 voiceless calls yearly. Every one is promptly investigated.

Listen Again

NOTHING was more pleasant and exhilarating during a recent tour of Italy than the daily open-air performances everywhere, even in small villages, of programmes of martial music.—I. KENLEY, Pitt Street, West Bromwich.

But where drums speak, laws are dumb.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

RHEUMATISM in April

The coming of warmer, drier days gives new hope of relief to the Rheumatic sufferer. Now is the time to co-operate with Nature not only to get Rheumatism out of your system, but to keep it out.

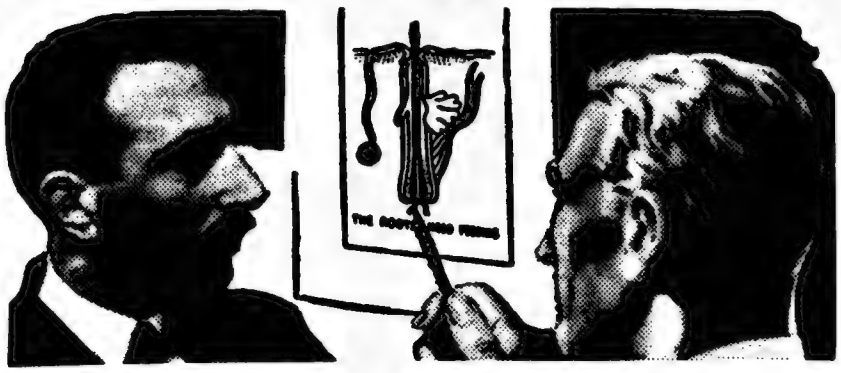
Nature's sunny warmth working externally will be all the more beneficial to you if you use Nature's Salt of the Earth, Fynnon Salt, as an internal "rinse" to keep internal poisons on the move. You will only get back youthful, snappy suppleness when your system has been cleared of the impurities that form into pain-causing uric acid crystals, making you dull and listless in body and mind.

Fynnon Salt combines in one remedy Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, etc. It makes a pleasant, non-effervescent saline that expels uric acid and cleanses the blood stream so that you face the day with the brightness of the morning sun. Take Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning: there is no more natural or effective "bracer"—no better antidote to Rheumatism. From all chemists, 1/3 per tin.

Professor Polland, famous Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, says . . .

Starvation of the scalp causes

BALDNESS—



(Above) Mr. Sutherland, whose baldness was prevented by Silvikrin.

Read Mr. Sutherland's letter below – his photograph above shows what a fine head of hair Silvikrin has grown for him.

Dear Sirs,

'I have used Silvikrin now for 2½ years and can honestly say it has done wonders for my hair. Before I started, my hair was thin, straggly and lifeless. Dandruff was persistent, and the hair came out, sometimes in alarming quantities. I thought I was heading for baldness. After using Silvikrin only a short time these troubles disappeared, new life came into my hair, and now it is really thick and healthy as the enclosed photograph shows.'

J. A. Sutherland,
417 Ewell Road,
Surbiton.

SILVIKRIN *will prevent it, because it is the hair's natural food*

One of the most distinguished specialists to whom Silvikrin was submitted for testing was Professor Polland (photographed above). His praise was sweeping, and is quoted in the booklet with every bottle of Silvikrin. He *proved* that Silvikrin clears up dandruff, stops hair falling out, and if the root is alive, *actually makes hair grow.*

HOW SILVIKRIN ACTS

A brilliant piece of research led Dr. Weidner to the discovery of the fourteen organic elements that the hair needs for healthy growth, and he was able to compound these fourteen in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. When the hair is starved of this food (which it should get normally from the bloodstream) dandruff, falling hair and baldness result. In such cases it must be nourished by external application of Silvikrin, which quickly makes the hair healthy, vigorous and glossy again, ***even growing new hair on completely bald places.***

Look up your hair trouble in the table on the left – see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day.

WHAT YOU NEED: **For dandruff—hair beginning to fall.** To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty **Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION.**

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the concentrated natural organic hair food **Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN.**

Obtainable from all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin
DOES GROW HAIR

42-C

Throw off 'C3' Weakness—be 'A1'

for Health and Vigour!

Rid yourself of weakness, nerviness, depression. Become vigorous, alert, full of energy! Get IRON strength! Take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS', which supply the vital IRON your body needs for 'A.1' Health and Vigour. For it is almost certain that the cause of your half-health is IRON STARVATION.

Modern foods are deficient in iron and modern cooking still further reduces it. That is why doctors advocate the taking of medicinal iron such as IRON 'JELLOIDS'

IRON 'JELLOIDS' will put an edge on your appetite, improve your digestion. Make your blood rich. Give new strength to every nerve, tissue, and cell in your body.

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3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

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To the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. (Dept. J5) Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength." JB 10.4.37.

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Write in BLOCK *letters and enclose coupon in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp.*

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

"WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED'S" Extra Special Coronation Souvenir and Guide is *selling out fast.* And no wonder! This beautiful issue, with its hundreds of illustrations, brilliant authoritative articles and exquisite full colour plates is the most complete memento of the Coronation ever published. Here in 96 thrilling pages is all the splendour of this great event, the life story of the King and Queen; full colour painting of their Majesties in Coronation Robes and a colour map of the route. You will be sorry if you miss this permanent Souvenir. Hurry! Get your copy TO-DAY—price one shilling.

DO YOUR FALSE TEETH SLIP and CLICK?

Avoid the embarrassment of loose and slipping plates by lightly sprinkling them with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a comfort-cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere.

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A few hours extra work are easily weathered by the man with a trim, active figure and a healthy constitution. And the secret of such blessings is *perfect regularity.* So keep *your* system regular — regular as the clock. Remember your Beechams Pills, the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years.

Purely Vegetable *Worth a Guinea a Box*

Yes! —if you keep regular with BEECHAMS PILLS

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There's a speedy end to misery and torture when you learn what Germoloids will do for you. Made to a special prescription in the "Germolene" Laboratories, these little suppositories provide every necessary ingredient. There are Analgesics to stop pain and irritation, Astringents to reduce inflammation and stop bleeding, and Antiseptics to prevent infection. Easy and clean to use, they melt slowly, releasing soothing and healing ingredients and leaving a dense lasting protection over sensitive nerves. They provide thorough lubrication and reduce loss of moisture, so preventing the much-dreaded constipation condition. Sufferers should use one each night until cured—then one per week to avoid further attacks.

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The Editor Laughs Last

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

CLARENCE (Bedford).—"I have just written a romantic song to the moon. Where should I send it?" To the moon.

C. C. (Colchester).—"Are whist drives getting played out?" No, indoors, as usual.

READER (West Indies).—"And when I awoke I was surprised to learn we had left port." You were all at sea!

GYMNAST (Luton).—"I find it very invigorating every morning to roll myself along the lawn." Why on earth?

HENRY (Sidcup).—"Can you tell me anything worse than a squalling baby in your arms?" Yes! One on each knee.

S. F. (Hammersmith).—"Women's feet are growing so big that cobblers are quite panicky." Continually at sixes and sevens, eh?

FED-UP (Derby).—"Name me a man who is obliged to attend several housewarming parties and does it with alacrity." A fireman.

Mrs. B. (Putney).—"Business must be better, because my husband wrote me a cheque without a murmur." A sign of returning prosperity!

PUBLICAN (Surrey).—"He is never happier than when he is getting pints out of visitors by telling them the tale." And does he get many mugs?

L. V. (Ealing).—"When I asked the bank manager what my balance was, he curtly replied that I was overdrawn." He gave you a short answer!

A. F. (Bournemouth).—"When you watch ice hockey you see really magnificent fellows, the cream of the country's manhood." Ice creams, eh?

TRAVELLER (Porlock).—"I was describing the Australian boomerang, but at the time I could not remember the name of the weapon." But it soon came back to you?

TOM (Reading).—"To the young man who opens his own shop nothing is a hindrance to success." Particularly if it is in the till at the end of the first week's business.

SELF-MADE (Birmingham).—"My advice to the young man who would win wealth is to take off his shirt sometimes." To the same end some would advise him to put his shirt on.

AMBITIOUS (Durham).—"A glance at the advert. told me it was just the job I could do. But I found that I'd missed the last collection of letters for that day." So you missed the post!

FATHER OF FIVE SMALL SONS (Balham).—"As a family man I get the needle every time I have to face up to the rent." And the wife gets it, we guess, every time she has to face up to the rents.

M.X. (Halesworth).—"It is only a little thing that prevents me getting a sound sleep every night." Never mind, it will grow up in time.

"He insisted on being the train-bearer."
—From "The Passing Show"

TRADESMAN (Purley).—"Sweeps can earn a lot of money." If the tickets aren't confiscated.

FORTY-FIVE (Malden).—"I could give the modern girl a wrinkle or two." We are sure you could.

PHYSIOLOGIST (Cambridge).—"A sharp nose indicates curiosity." A flattened one may indicate too much.

ARCHITECT (Edinburgh).—"What is an up-to-date zoological park usually bounded by?" Its kangaroos.

C. C. (Lincoln).—"I always pay up, so I am much sought after." If you didn't pay up you'd be much more sought after.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Leeds).—"As soon as a baby is born it may be determined to be at least one of two things." A boy or a girl.

IRATE FATHER (Ipswich).—"I told my son he was a fool for shaving with a rusty razor-blade." That was pretty blunt, anyway.

HARRIER (Finchley).—"I cannot win a race in cold, wet weather, for it seems to tie all my muscles up in knots." It cramps your style.

G. R. (Derby).—"A lorry loaded with coal caught fire recently and was burned to the ground." A sad loss for the dealer—but think of the advertisement!

P. J. (Bath).—"The English public-school form system mystifies me." Our small nephew doesn't seem to find any difficulty in getting to the bottom of it.

PUNTER (Epsom).—"The bookmaker refused to pay, for, although I had posted in plenty of time, the postmark was timed after the race." Beaten on the post.

B. S. (Bristol).—"I am very anxious that my son shall be a showman, although I am willing to listen to all sorts of arguments against it." You're fair-minded, then.

M. M. (Manchester).—"My boss is convinced that I am the best man on my particular job in England. What do you think of that?" Obviously he doesn't know any better.

F. R. (Mayfair).—"Our last chauffeur used to be a dentist." Did he stop?

TED M. (Newcastle).—"Most weather reports are tosh." Yes, mackintosh!

M. (Hastings).—"My business is progressing by leaps and bounds." Hurdler?

APIARIST (Oxford).—"Nearly all bees are female." Hence the buzz?

MRS. G. (Chelsea).—"To win money backing horses is evil." We would rather describe it as the devil's own job.

G. U. (Dorset).—"He threw a glass of port over me, so I went for him." You saw red?

C. M. (Warwick).—"Bowls is by far the best summer game." Looks like a case of bias.

S. D. (Redcar).—"She consumed a whole jar of preserved ginger at one sitting." Hot stuff!

R. A. B. (Herts).—"I hear a film is being planned showing how to keep fit." A picture of health.

ROAMER (Rye).—"The natives approached, and suddenly it flashed on me that they were cannibals!" We bet you felt in a stew!

DRAUGHTSMAN (Coventry).—"I generally do even my rough drawings as accurately as possible, but in this case I did it freehand." You broke your rule?

D. N. (London, S.W.).—"There are many women newsagents." Aren't they all?

B. B. (Brockley).—"Which is the easiest way to get to France?" Proceed by the usual channel.

EGBERT (Stockwell).—"My daughter is studying singing abroad." How considerate of her!

PHOTOGRAPHER (City).—"I seem to spend as much time as ever in the dark room." Your task gets no lighter.

COMPOSER (London).—"As my compositions were played one by one the audience was visibly moved." Also one by one?

P. A. (Slough).—"Are you prepared to consider an article I have written on granite?" No, we must insist on paper.

OPPORTUNIST (London).—"In health resorts there should be big possibilities in bath chairs." They only need pushing.

VISITOR (West Bay).—"I astounded the natives by the number of flat fish I caught." You proved yourself a regular dab at fishing.

J. M. C. (Tooting).—"People don't realise that they may have to stand seven solid hours to see the Coronation Procession." Anyone preferring one of JOHN BULL's last six millionaires' seats at Hyde Park Corner should apply by Saturday, April 17, on coupon from page 47.

N. M. (Sheffield).—"When my old aunt died we found that she had hoarded a large number of the old-fashioned five-shilling pieces." So you came into big money.

T. Y. (Chelsea).—"When a dance creator offers a number of new routines to a ballet company, the officials always confer together first." To decide what steps will be taken?

OARSMAN (Mortlake).—"My employer was furious when he learned that I had taken the time off in the morning to stroke our club eight in the races." So that was the second row that day for you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/- is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS:—"Your principal happiness will spring from the fact that you have risen superior to untoward conditions and, by your own unaided efforts, have turned success into FAILURE."

ILLUSTRATED LEICESTER CHRONICLE:—"... this will render the clothes practically inflammable and they will not be likely to take FIRE or BURN."

STAR:—"Ealing's next rate is to remain UNHANGED at 10s. 10d. in the £."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"The ship is free to FAIL if she can obtain another crew."

EVENING STANDARD:—"She is hoping to return to Madrid to continue her SAGE career."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Another resolution was passed demanding official recognition of the strike. ... That resolution will be passed to the ONIONS."

A TOUCH OF INDIGESTION

When should Indigestion be taken seriously? The answer to that question is in the one word ALWAYS. Many people loosely describe a stomach pain as "a touch of Indigestion," but frequently it is a warning note of something that may turn out to be much more serious.

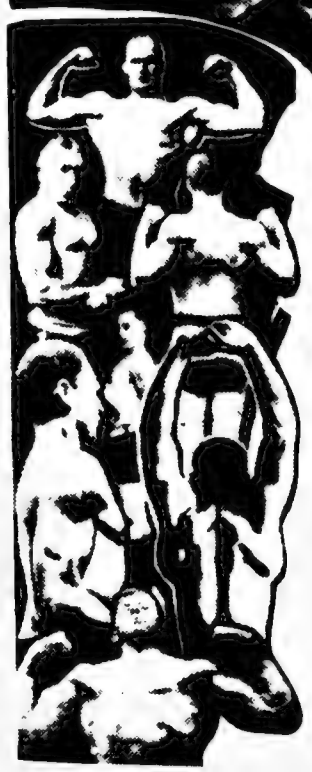
Remember that pain is Nature's warning. In the stomach, that warning should never go unheeded, because what may be simple to-day may be serious in a week or two.

Stop stomach pain at once. You can do this with MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Its action is soothing and comforting. Above all, it is speedy and SAFE, so long as you see that you get the powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. No one could calculate the suffering that has been ended, the operations that have been avoided, by the timely use of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If you are bothered by "a touch of indigestion," take this powder in water as directed. You may be nipping in the bud what would otherwise be an anxiety to you for many a long day and night. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- from all chemists.

Make this TEST - To-night!

BEFORE you hop into bed to-night try this: Strip down to your birthday suit and stand in front of the mirror. Look yourself over. What do you see? A fine upstanding specimen of a MAN, splendidly proportioned, superbly muscled, glowing with health and vitality? Or do you see a flabby, sickly sort of chap, with sunken chest, bloodless-looking flesh, scrawny arms, neck and legs?

PANTHER MUSCLES!



WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU IN JUST 30 DAYS

In the first 30 days I guarantee to add one whole inch of steely muscle on each of your arms and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I'll take the bends out of your back, strengthen and broaden your shoulders, give you wrists of iron, and a fighting, powerful personality that just shouts youth, vigour and vitality everywhere. I am doing it for hundreds, and I can do it for you.

WHAT GIVES A GORILLA THE STRENGTH OF 10 MEN?

Read the most sensational book on strength ever published. This book will amaze you with facts—startle you with its possibilities. You don't know you're alive until you get this book in your own hands. Do you know what gives a gorilla the strength of 10 men? Do you know why strength and virility are connected? It will answer questions you have hardly dared to ask yourself and you can get a copy FREE—if you hurry. Fill in the Coupon NOW, this minute, and post it TO-DAY!

ANNOUNCEMENT!

This book is the outcome of the requests of hundreds of men and is being offered to men only. In it is the truth about manhood. Why men fail as husbands, the reason why sweethearts quarrel. It proves to the reader that deep down in every man's heart is a desire to be strong, to be well developed, to be admired. There are no half-truths, no "beating about the bush"; in it are plain, unvarnished truths. Women want he-men, they always will. This remarkable book will tell you how to quickly transform your body, how to add inches to your chest, broaden your shoulders, develop powerful arms, legs, neck and back. Between its covers is the story of how this truly amazing concentrated system of muscular development was discovered. You can put these principles to work at once and quickly change your body.

WHAT THIS AMAZING BOOK TELLS YOU!

- How to Add Inches to Your Chest.
- How to Strengthen Your Back.
- How to Treble Your Strength.
- How to Get Strong Nerves.
- How to Get Great Strength.
- How to Develop a Muscular Body.
- How to Cultivate Personality.
- How to be Successful.
- How to Attract Friends.
- How to do Feats of Strength.
- How to be Always Well.
- How to Get Endless Endurance.

ALFRED J. BRITON (Dept. A.14), 8, BROADWAY, LONDON, W.6.

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Address.....

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(*Please use Block Letters*) 10/4/37

ONLY EIGHT YEARS OLD . . YET CRIPPLED FOR LIFE!

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE DEADLY DANGERS OF DIRT!

It might happen to anyone; child, grown-up — *you yourself!* Easily done, falling down and grazing a knee. Only a graze, you say; it will soon heal. But dirt may enter; dirt that quickly causes the wound to fester, poisons the leg, undermines the health of the whole body.

Every scratch you get is dangerous. You cannot afford to run risks with the deadly ravages of dirt germs that can poison the body, infect the whole system, bringing on appalling diseases, disabling you for months, perhaps even leaving you a cripple for life.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO YOUR FAMILY!

Take the safer way — keep antiseptically clean. Use Knight's Family Health Soap daily. Safeguard yourself from the dangers of contamination by ensuring *real* antiseptic cleanliness. Family Health doesn't give dirt germs a chance to do their deadly work. Get Family Health today — and *be sure.*

KNIGHT'S

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

THE PROVED DEFENCE AGAINST DIRT CONTAMINATION

KH 17-97 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810.

Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex) from any chemist. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Get Cystex to-day.

CYCLES FROM £3.19.9 OR 2/- WEEKLY

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE NOW
DAYTON WORKS PARK ROYAL N.W.10

DAYTON Cycles
BIDDEN FOR OVER 30 YEARS

25 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE!

Don't overlook the simple Contest in the Bulmer announcement on page 16

END ACHES & PAIN TO-DAY

THIS SAFE SURE WAY

For SAFE, SWIFT, SURE relief from PAIN take PHENSIC at once! Nerve pains of every kind, torturing RHEUMATISM, bursting HEADACHES, simply FADE AWAY leaving you COMFORTABLE and ACTIVE. PHENSIC is prescribed DAILY by Doctors, Specialists and Nurses, for children, the elderly and even heart cases. So get PHENSIC now! Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'

Phensic

THE Tonic PAINKILLER Brand

CORONATION SEATS FOR JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD — THIS ONE WEEK ONLY!

£6 PLUS £500 AND £100

MONTHLY FOR LIFE

HUGE 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE OR £850 CASH

CORONATION WEEK IN LONDON FOR TWO

Winner and companion will be provided with superb seats for Coronation Procession at Hyde Park Corner also Fares and hotel accommodation for week ending May 15

BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award - to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull"

ADDED ATTRACTION

IF FIRST PRIZE IS SHARED EACH SUCH SHARE OF £200 OR MORE WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY TWO CORONATION SEATS.

PRESENTED on this page is the fifty-eighth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Witness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

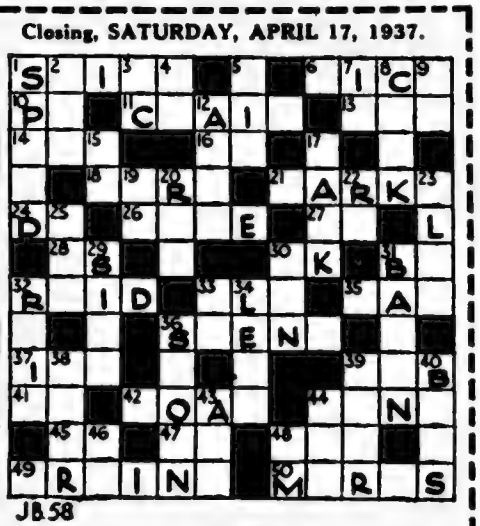
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 29, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 47. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

COUPON FOR FREE WEEKLY "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" ON PAGE 47

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 58. Closing, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1937.

JB 58



JB 58

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

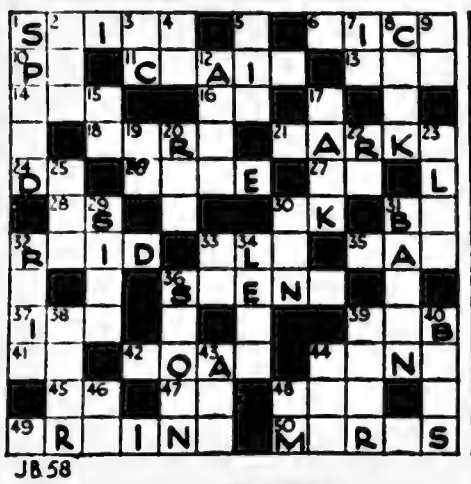
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 58. Closing, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1937.



JB 58

JB 58

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 58, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, April 17.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 29. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 4, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

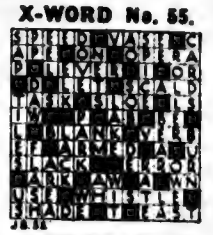
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Stamps do this when licked
6. It's easy to get this in large furniture store
10. Tailless pig
11. The solid metal kind of this will take tremendous weights
13. Toy that spins and hums
14. Fish at end of keel
16. Last two thirds of six
18. Farmer works on one
21. Young puppy's are usually quite harmless
24. Part of design in arcade
26. Increase in salary
27. Ale without a head
28. Buses without use
30. First and last slices of pork
31. Bit of ribbon in box
32. Sudden attack
33. Drink made from malt
35. It makes prize-fighter wild if opponent gets him on this
36. Good murder play soon makes audience feel they're really on this
37. You dip nib in this
39. Shilling
41. North East
42. Stroking one is apt to be a tricky business
44. Harmony in stone
45. Ends lost in baths
47. Common to goose and ostrich
48. Perceive
49. Wise purchaser of suburban house usually makes sure that these are good
50. Those of riding tournament entrants may be affected by jumps

CLUES DOWN.

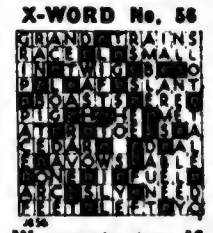
1. Acquiring bigger car means that you will probably do this more
2. Fasten
3. Together in soccer and successful
4. Both ends of ketch
5. It's sometimes difficult to make cement do this properly
7. Latter part of skit
8. Good one keeps bottled fruit in best possible condition
9. Keep without vowels
12. Intentions
15. Last half of half
17. It may be dangerous if you do this in your sleep
19. Half yard in market
20. Sail-maker has to be able to repair this quickly
22. Royal Engineers
23. Snail's pace is this
25. Many years in heraldry
29. Man who's taken this often proves difficult case for compensation
30. One writes in ink with this
31. Good hotel sometimes serves with breakfast
32. Outlook is often dreary when this threatens
33. In middle of tracks
34. Museum authorities are always pleased to have something which is this to them
36. Modern miss would scorn to do this in Victorian way
38. Not far away
39. South African Dutchman
40. Special precautions are necessary when sending these through the post
43. Donkey
44. Afternoon meal
46. Appears twice in tartan
48. Finishes spasm

X-WORD No. 55.



JB 55

X-WORD No. 56



JB 56

Winners on page 46.

The Committee decided the best Answers were those seen in the Squares above. One blank space indicates that SHOES and SHOWS were Answers of equal merit.

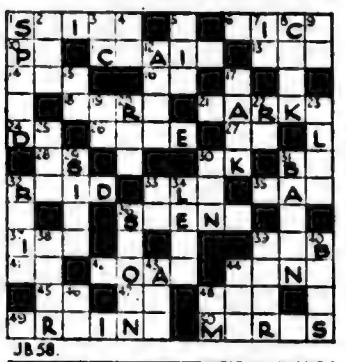
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

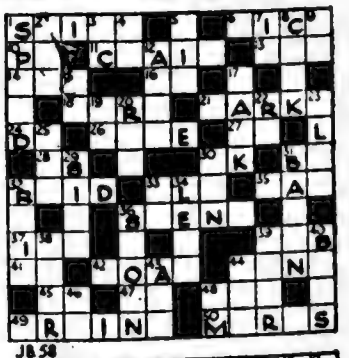
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

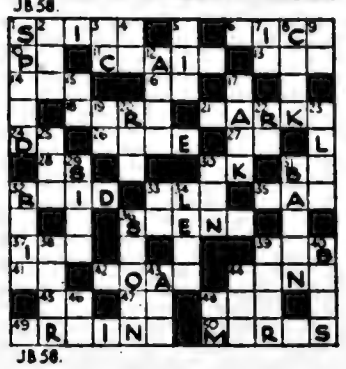
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



JB 58.



JB 58



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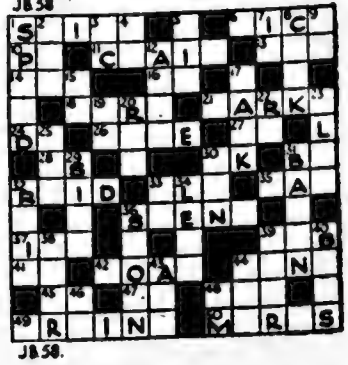

JB 58.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS of the GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES DREAM HOUSE COMPETITION

GIVEN AWAY £4700 IN PRIZES

5 WINNERS OF FREE HOUSES

Agency Number	Name	County
177997	Mrs. O'Neil	Lanarkshire
76062	Mr. J. H. Follant	Glamorganshire
3761	Mr. A. J. Edwards	Kent
42679	Mrs. E. Dawson	Cambridgeshire
4602	Mrs. E. Hargreaves	Cheshire

108 PEOPLE WON A THREE PIECE SUITE

100 PEOPLE WON £2 VOUCHERS

1000 PEOPLE WON £1 VOUCHERS

OVER £250,000 PAID OUT ANNUALLY TO G.U.S AGENTS

AND NOW - A GREAT NEW CORONATION COMMISSION OFFER

BECOME A G.U.S AGENT

LET YOUR SPARE TIME MAKE MONEY FOR YOU!

YOURS FREE

A 10 GN BEDROOM, DINING ROOM, LOUNGE SUITE OR A 10 GN RADIO FOR RUNNING ONLY 3 CLUBS

OR OUR USUAL CASH OR GOODS COMMISSION TERMS PLUS GENEROUS BONUSES..

RUNNING A SUPREME CLUB WILL MAKE YOU MANY NEW FRIENDSHIPS

It is so sociable and such a dignified and agreeable way of earning money in your spare time. As a "Supreme" Club Agent you Represent the oldest and largest Club business in Europe. This makes you more important—increases your popularity and status among your friends. Your circle of acquaintances is enlarged immediately, as satisfied Members will recommend their friends to you and their acquaintance will quickly ripen into firm friendship. You will find new interests, lead a fuller and happier life and at the same time make good extra money.

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES
DEVONSHIRE STREET
ARDWICK MANCHESTER 12

FILL IN AND SEND COUPON BELOW

CORONATION COMMISSION OFFER

I wish to become a G.U.S. "Supreme" Club Agent and to participate in your Special Coronation Commission Offer. Please send me a new 1937 Catalogue, 16-page booklet telling how to run a "Supreme" Club and a complete Outfit of Agents' Stationery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

If already a G.U.S. Agent give your Agency No. Below.

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES DEVONSHIRE ST. MANCHESTER 12

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size 16½ x 10 x 9½in

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES £3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments: 5- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. C. J. Peel, Liverpool, writes:—"The Six Battery Set you sent to me is working well. It is the best I have had and is a wonderful value for money. I am much more than pleased with it, and I consider it is to be congratulated on its magnificent tone." Mr. J. H., of Worksop, writes:—"I received the Six Wireless Set in perfect condition, and had it set up by the time dinner was over. It went straight away with at any rate. The tone is grand, equal to other more expensive sets I have heard. It is really the best bargain on the market, & I may add I am delighted with it."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Nets.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dpt.15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.E.C.

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

quickly relieved by Vitadatio.

Wonderful tributes to Vitadatio, the famous herbal remedy, are received daily.

Mrs. Walton, 48, Bentgate St., Newbey, Rochdale, writes:—"For four years I had one **Abscess** after another. I had four operations, the last being on the spine, which discharged 20 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles my back was easier, so I persevered with it. I have been working two years and keeping it."

If you are a sufferer do not give up hope—cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and **Stomach** complaints, Vitadatio stands alone. **Get a bottle to-day.** If further proof is required, write for book of testimonials.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 4/6 per bottle, post free (Canada U.K.).

From VITADATIO, 131, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

RHEUMATISM

GET RID OF IT.

"After the second day I began to feel the benefit, stiffness going and my general feeling greatly improved. I feel no stiffness or any sign of rheumatism since taking the Uface brand tablets" Miss ——, Chelsea. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33M, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-

THE CHAMPION CREDIT CLUB

MENS HEAVY WORKING BOOTS 10/- THE PAIR

1,000 BARGAINS at 2/6. 5/- 7/6. 10/-

10 MEMBERS ONLY REQUIRED.

PAYMENTS SPREAD OVER 10 WEEKS.

OUR COMMISSION

WE TRUST YOU

60/- IN CASH 80/- IN GOODS.

152 PAGE CORONATION CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF COUPON

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.50

The CHAMPION CLUB
REGAL BLDGS. OXFORD RD. MANCHESTER 1

To all sufferers from

URINARY TROUBLES

The function of the kidneys is to filter off from the blood the fluid we know as urine. This fluid carries, dissolved in it, the nitrogenous waste of the system, a substance called urea, and other impurities.

If the urinary system is not functioning properly, complete elimination of these waste products does not take place, and backache, getting up at night, frequency, burning and smarting, rheumatism and general loss of tone are the result.

Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) has been used for over twenty-five years for these urinary troubles, and thousands of sufferers have obtained relief.

"I still have to get up many times from my bed, but, oh! how thankful I have no pain.

"I am more than thankful I have found something at last. I will tell anyone who suffers with their bladder, for I know what it is, and I cannot speak too highly of Cystopurin."—MRS. G. D., MARYPORT, CUMBERLAND.

Get Cystopurin Tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

CYSTOPURIN

(sis-toe-pew-rin)

Join these Winners and see the historic

CORONATION PROCESSION

RESULT OF "BULLETS" CONTEST No. 1,064

Artist's impression here shows magnificent view of Coronation Procession from "John Bull's" reserved seats at Hyde Park Corner.

More winners of seats are announced on this page—and final big offer of Coronation Tickets is made this week.

First Prize, Ideal Home, £3 Weekly for Life, £1,000, Coronation Week, or 3,000 Guineas:

A. W. DAVIS, 5, Gower Street, Oxford Road, Reading.

Example: ON CORONATION DAY
Bullet: REMEMBER—"HARDEST" SEAT, GEORGE'S!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£200 AND CORONATION SEATS:

F. R. NICHOLS, 161, Cannon Hill Lane, Raynes Park, S.W.
Example: Mother's Job
Bullet: Cleaning "Palace"—Scrubbing "King."

£100 AND CORONATION SEATS:

W. R. LINEHAM, "Derpete," London Road, Greenhithe.
Example: What Darby Said
Bullet: With Violets, Recaptured "Roses."

£75 AND CORONATION SEATS:

J. D. ROBERTSON, 11, Holmhead Place, Glasgow.
Example: On Coronation Day
Bullet: Miles Nothing—"Inches" Everything.

£50 AND CORONATION SEATS:

A. R. BEDINGHAM, 22, Vernon Road, Stratford, E.
Example: Good Companions
Bullet: They "Come Through" Hardship.

OTHER PRIZES:

£45: L. VANE, 6, Stuart Ave., Hayes, Kent.
In The Nursery Sum Kiddies Dodging Motor-cars!

£40: M. H. FORREST, 53, Derby Road, Douglas, Isle of Man.
In The Abbey—"Great People"—Outside, Too.

£35: J. RISLEY, 11, Rowland Hill Avenue, Tottenham N.
Now Sonny's A Scout Sees Brick—"Heaves" Sigh!

£30: J. WARD, 33, St. Stephens Road, Canterbury.
When Slums Have Gone—West, We're "Travelled Far."

£25: Miss F. IVES, Western House, Western Road, Lancing, Sussex.
On Coronation Day Crowds "Trying Good-humoured Force."

£24: Mrs. K. HARTLEY, 25, Royal Oak Road, Manchester.
In The Abbey May *World* "Read Lesson."

£23: W. TILDESLEY, 25, Shakespeare St., Coventry.
Grounds For Divorce—"Mud" Kiddies *Unhappy* In.

£22: R. JARRETT, 5, Hemfield Road, Ince, Wigan.
The Joke Is—Taxation, To Prevent "Plundering"!

£21: G. BENNETT, 28, Hillside Court, London, N.W.
When Baby's Ill—Pacing With *Heavier* "Burden."

£20: G. W. HOLDING, 23, Beatrice Street, Kempston, Bedford.
To Avoid A Collision—*Stop* Europe's "Foghorn" Voices!

£19: J. H. FRANCIS, Church Hill Ford, Clarbeston Road, Pembroke-shire.
Weaker Sex—*Single* Women—*Married* Men!

£18: Mrs. T. MURPHY, 230, Stanford Road, Norbury.
Flame Of Patriotism—Shortened "Candle" For Me.

£17: J. M. BRISTOW, 43b, Lonsdale Road, Barnes, S.W.
Grounds For Divorce—Baby's "Swallowed" Them, Too!

£16: Miss HAWORTH, 3, Corhampton Road, Boscombe.
Death And Destruction—Same Thing, To Atheist.

£15: Mrs. M. DREWE, 75, St. Lawrence Avenue, West Worthing.
What Darby Said—"Tax Bachelors? Compensate 'em!"

£14: T. G. PARTRIDGE, 2, Sussex Street, Plaistow, E.
Seeds Of Dissension—Thankful "Chicks" *Prevented* Growing.

£13: Mrs. G. SMITH, 38, Ewins Street, Wolverhampton.
What Darby Said—"Rich? I've Six *Sons!*"

£12: F. G. WHITE, 22, Westbury Place, Leicheworth.
In The Nursery—Many Animals—Lone's "Lamb."

£11: S. PICKARD, "Grenfell," Ansley Common, Nuneaton.
On His Feet—Grandpa—National Anthem Finished!

£10: R. BRADFIELD, 64, Promenade, Withernsea, E. Yorks.
Fighting For Freedom—Agitator—Hear "Slaves" Laughing!

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at these offices. Cash winners will also receive Coronation Medals.

Entrants who qualified for Coronation Surprise Gifts in "Bullets" No. 1,064 are reminded that, as originally announced, these gifts will NOT be despatched with this Contest's prizes, but will be sent out, appropriately, to reach "Bulleteers" just before May 12.

16 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 55

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 55, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square were the following sixteen competitors, who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen in Square on page 14.

J. G. Alden, 91, Sandringham Road, Southend-on-Sea; F. Alsford, 57, Ivsley Road, Clapham, S.W.4; Mrs. E. Briscoe, 35, Gaiton Road, Warley Woods, Birmingham; C. Burrows, 7, Ewcourt Road, Fulham, S.W.6; J. V. Craig, 14, Prombury Av., Fallowfield, Manchester, 14; Mrs. M. Crick, Broomingham, Diss; Miss M. George, Hulton Lane Hospital, Bolton; M. M. Kerslake, Aire, Connaught Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset; E. Maguire, 28, Alexandra Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Mather, 27, Morrison Road, Folkestone; S. Miles, Sunnycroft, Enstishcombe Turning, Bath; Mrs. A. Nappey, 557, Moston Lane, Moston, Manchester, 10; E. A. Price, 77, Rushlees Road, Sheffield, 11; Mrs. A. Ross, 9, Upper Arabion Road, Birkdale, Lancs; W. Scott, 11a, Devonshire Road, Eccles, Lancs; Miss C. A. Wilson, 1, Football Green, Hornsea, E. Yorks.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £500 First Prize and a cheque for £30 or £31 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post Tuesday, April 13, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 164 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £2/8/6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 862 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

LIFE PENSION AND FORTUNE WON IN CROSSWORD No. 55.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 55, the Adjudication Committee decided that the sender of the most meritorious Set of Answers on one Square was the following competitor, who submitted a Square differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen in Square on page 14.

F. HEYWOOD, 5, BROWNSON STREET, MOSTON, MANCHESTER.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive £500 Cash, £10 Coronation Cheque yearly and £5 Monthly for Life, or a lump sum of £900 cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 13, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received:—

K. Chibnall, 32, Cleveland Avenue, Hampton, Middx.; Mrs. A. V. Cracke, Cottage Farm, East Runton, Cromer; G. Davies, 61, Prospect Drive, Shirebrook, Nr. Mansfield; J. A. Harris, 54, Highlands Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness; F. Heywood, 5, Brownson Street, Moston, Manchester, 9 (2 shares); W. Hudson, Victoria Cotts., Terrington St. Johns, Wisbech; A. Pearson, 9, Allen Street, Salford; F. Worrall, 193, Fondenton Lane, Biddleston Junction, Manchester.

For each winning Square the sum of £11 2s. 3d. will be received by these Runners-up, together with a £6 18s. 6d. All-wave "Ferranti" Radio.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 78 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

ONE WEEK ONLY to win "Bullets"
FINAL CORONATION SEATS!
DOUBLE FIRST PRIZE
£500
AND CORONATION VISIT FOR TWO
DOUBLE SECOND PRIZE
£50
AND CORONATION VISIT FOR TWO
DOUBLE THIRD PRIZE
£25
AND CORONATION VISIT FOR TWO
"JOHN BULL'S" CORONATION GUESTS
will enjoy the Coronation Procession from superb seats at Hyde Park Corner—fares and hotel accommodation for May 11 and 12 provided.
6,542 OTHER PRIZES
£10 £9.10 £9 £8.10
£8 £7.10 £7 £6.10
£6 £5.10 £5 £4.10
£4 £3.10 £3 2 of £2.10
25 of 10s.
500 DOUBLE CORONATION SURPRISE AWARDS
TO ARRIVE ON WED. MAY 12
2,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"
4,000 "STAR TARGETS"
1,068
ADDED ATTRACTION!
£2 YEARLY CORONATION CHEQUE
to highest prize winner by a "Bullet" containing the word "CORONATION"—payable annually on May 12, during winner's life, commencing 1937.
SAT. APRIL 17.

SEIZE THIS LAST GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO WIN "BULLETS" CORONATION SEATS!

THE great day, May 12, will soon be here and no more Coronation Seats can be offered in *Bullets* after the fine one-week Offer now before you. If you want to be seated with a chosen companion at Hyde Park Corner, cheering the Royal Procession from superb reserved seats provided by JOHN BULL, you grasp *now* this last huge opportunity to celebrate a big *Bullets* success with unforgettable Coronation Visit.

On Friday, April 30, a gay Greetings telegram will bring some entrant in this week's contest JOHN BULL'S congratulations on capturing a £500 fortune and Coronation Visit—both the £50 Second and the £25 Third Prize-winners will be provided with equally fine Coronation Seats, with fares and hotel accommodation also free.

Other big attractions in this prize-list include a £2 Yearly Coronation Cheque to be awarded as detailed above, and no fewer than 500 entrants who just miss the Contest's principal prizes will secure special souvenirs of May, 1937, in the form of Double Coronation Awards.

Follow the simple instructions below and then tackle the *Examples* without fear.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ slowly through the list of *Examples* provided and select, say, a dozen on which to work. Write out these selected *Examples* and to each add all the ideas it suggests to your mind. Never mind how crude these first efforts are; they are the raw material with which you will shape your finished *Bullets*.

Now each of your completed efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, fitted to the chosen *Example*. The next step, then, is to prune and polish your rough notes into neat *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, that you had been attracted by the *Example* BOASTING. As a result this you might first scribble the words *That He's Modest—Swanker*. From this you could readily evolve the typical *Bullet*, BOASTING—HE NEVER BOASTS—BOASTER!

Before beginning on your own efforts, study carefully the good points of the big winners in our 1,064th Contest which appeared on the opposite page. Then make a start at once, for you cannot be a winner unless your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, April 17.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,068)

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"
WHEN FATHER HELPS
GOOD-BYE, BALDWIN
LINING THE STREETS
LIKE SCHOOLBOYS
CHANCE FOR A WOMAN
WHAT GOVERNMENT DOES
SHOWS RESOURCE
BETWEEN THE TWO
BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS
WE DON'T LIKE IT, BUT
POKING HER NOSE IN
OLD ENGLAND
CROWNED
NO WISER
BOASTING
MIRACLE MAN
DESPONDENT
DROPPED
A FLUKE
THE CROWD
QUIET
NOT CRICKET
SMALL COMPENSATION
BURNT HIS FINGERS
MORE FRIENDLY
AFTER THE STRUGGLE
UPSET SANDY
FAIR WARNING
GOOD TO SEE
OPPOSING FORCE
OUR CLIMATE
GAIETY OF NATIONS
THINKING OF HOLIDAYS
UNDER HER SPELL
UP IN THE AIR

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be detached.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition is accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an essential condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 3½d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,068) Closing postmark SAT., April 17. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,068) Closing postmark SAT., April 17. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,068) Closing postmark SAT., April 17. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,068) Closing postmark SAT., April 17. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,068 usually purchase their copy of "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No 1,068, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Are There Times When You
Can't Even Stand The Radio?

"Oh! I can't even stand the music—not even softly! My head just throbs and throbs! Every sound seems to actually 'hurt'! My nerves are all jumpy! Oh dear! Oh, dear! Whatever shall I do? I have been looking forward to that programme, but I feel so terrible I can't stand it—I CAN'T STAND IT!!"

—When your **NERVES** *are* **UNSTRUNG**

—When your **HEAD** *feels* **FIT TO BURST**

you need

Yeast-Vite

Does the photograph here illustrate a scene in YOUR home? Are there times when YOU, too, can't even stand the radio? Are there times when no matter how soft the music, it can't soothe your jangled nerves? When, however humorous the jokes, they can't alleviate your depression? When, however stimulating the talk might be, it can't arouse any enthusiasm in your tired and dispirited mind?

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE
to put you on the road to Health and Strength again!

YOU NEED YEAST-VITE
to bring you swift relief from that aching head: calmness to those jangled nerves: energy and light-heartedness instead of that terrible depression and exhaustion.

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE!
It contains just those elements of well-being without which Health and even Life itself, is impossible. It contains pure medicinal Yeast and valuable vitamins combined with other wonderful tonic and recuperative elements as prescribed by leading specialists.

YEAST-VITE supplies to your health-exhausted body just that new "life" of which it stands in so urgent need. From the first dose you feel renewed, refreshed, revitalized!

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DEPRESSION ..	*Buoyant Energy*	IN 10/20 MIN.
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